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WHO LIES?

AN INTERROGATION

BY

EMIL BLUM

AND

SIGMUND B. ALEXANDER.

CHICAGO

NANCY B. IRVING

70 Dearborn St.

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1901

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DEDICATED TO

All Lovers of Truth,

WHOM WE PERSONIFY

IN

THE CHAMPION OF THE BATTLE AGAINST LIES,

Dr. Max Nordau,

TO WHOSE

"CONVENTIONAL LIES OF OUR CIVILIZATION"

THIS BOOK OWES ITS ORIGIN.

"Burn the Truth!
And Phoenix-like
it rises from its ashes!"

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To Messrs. Emil Blum and S. B. Alexander, Boston.

Gentlemen:—You express a wish that I should give to your book "Who Lies?" an accompanying word upon its way through the old and new world. Permit me to say that you are too modest. Your book will find its way without extraneous aid. A "smart American" will make elbow-room for himself by his own strength.

The author has one thing in common with the farmer: he is happy when he sees that the seed he has confided to the soil germinates, shoots forth, sprouts, and promises a rich harvest. You yourselves have given me the assurance that my "Conventional Lies of our Civilization" has stimulated you to write your book. I may therefore be permitted to regard it as a fruit which sprung from my seed, and I congratulate myself that my grain has fallen upon so excellent a soil and grown with so gratifying an exuberance.

You have given a new and lively form to my fundamental idea, that the governmental and social conditions of to-day are lies, which every educated man knows as such, but tolerates nevertheless. Where I generalize, you particularize. You show the lie in action. You demonstrate cases in which the fact of lying becomes palpable. The wording of your thoughts speaks to the senses and must agitate, thrill, perhaps convince, even the most resisting reader. By it, you have rendered an earnest service to truth, which we both serve.

I would fain say what I think of your genial book from a literary standpoint, but so doing, I think would be tantamount to forcing upon the reader my own judgment, which he might justly regard as obtrusiveness. Therefore I limit myself to wishing to your "Who Lies?" in the interest of truth and progress, that success which it deserves for its splendid form and its noble morality. Nobody will enjoy this success more than

Your most devoted

Max Nordau.

Paris, Oct. 2, 1891.

SECTION ONE.

A WAGER.

SECTION I.

A Wager.

One evening in September, 18—, a private dining-room in the Thorndike was brilliantly illuminated. On the table were the remains of an elaborate dinner, together with numerous bottles varying in brand and fullness. Seven gentlemen were seated about the table at their ease, smoking and listening to the remarks of an eighth, who was addressing them in an after-dinner speech. A cover at the head of the table adorned with flowers, had evidently not been used.

The gentlemen were all well-known Bostonians. The Rev. Amos Bolden, the popular pastor of the Boston Bay Church, Professor Wyse of Harvard University, the Hon. Thomas Browne of the Massachusetts Legislature, Dr. Charles Vincent, the rising young physician, Colonel Watson, editor of the *Boston Sun*, Mr. Arthur Gay, head of the prominent law firm of Gay & Strong, Mr.

Ezekiel Fish, the well-known philanthropist and president of the Ninety-third National Bank, and Mr. Edwin Thorp, senior member of the great mercantile house of Thorp & Co.

The speaker, Colonel Watson, was saying:—

"I have asked to speak, gentlemen, because the sight of you all gathered together again, brings forcibly to my mind the remembrance of how we were first associated in college. In the freshman year we met by accident, but gradually found so much pleasure in each other's society that we met periodically by appointment, oftentimes declining to join our classmates in some escapade that we might not miss one of these meetings. In derision, therefore, we were christened by them the "Model Nine." We accepted the title and have clung to it ever since, but whether it is appropriate or not, modesty forbids me to say. (Laughter.) Before our graduation, our friend Bolden proposed that we should meet annually thereafter to solemnly seal our friendship, and in keeping with the compact made at that time, we are here to-night for the tenth post-graduate meeting of the "Model Nine." I do not need to recall to you the pleasant hours we have spent together, the help we have been to each other, or to remind you of the genuiness of our friendship. It is all as well known to you as it is to me. May our brotherly affection

flourish and blossom, and in the years to come, bear fruit even more plentifully than they have in the past. Gentlemen, friends, brothers—here's to the "Model Nine."

As the speaker resumed his seat, the three-times-three of Harvard shook the walls of the room.

"Watson must be in love; he's getting sentimental."

"Good one for the *Boston Sun.*"

"He said that, intending to print it in the morning edition."

"I'll bet he has it in type already."

"Let him alone, boys."

Such remarks flashed from all sides.

"Keep it up, if it amuses you," said Watson, good-naturedly.

"Colonel, you said something about help to each other," said Vincent; "do you remember that time in the senior year when we were up to our necks in debt, and all afraid to ask for money at home?"

"Do I remember? I should say I did! You mean that night when Rust came in exclaiming, "Fellows, I've found the philosopher's stone," as he waved on high a note from his guardian which proved to be a notification that he had full control of the handsome fortune left by his father."

"And the next day our debts were paid."

"He knew it would come back to him some day, but it was mighty nice of him."

Professor Wyse tapped his glass and rose to address his friends.

"The mention of the name that was foremost in our thoughts this evening, leads me to express the deep regret we all feel at the absence of the prince of good fellows. He it was whom we sought for advice, for assistance, and for the settlement of all disputes. He was our most trusted confidant, and never was that trust abused. How deep was our regret when, shortly after graduating, he departed for foreign countries; and this regret is as lively to-day as it was ten years ago. Year by year looking upon his empty chair, we not only miss the dear friend, but we grieve that he does not live in our midst to lend his knowledge and experience to the service of our country. For the last decade, he has traveled from one part of the globe to another, studying — heaven know's what. What a pity that so great a mind, so deep a philosopher, and such a noble character is not willing to be the teacher of future generations in dear old Harvard. We hoped that, by our united efforts, we might have persuaded him to settle here when his cablegram reached us announcing his intention of being present to-night, but we

were destined to dissapointment. The regret of not having him with us is tempered by the hope that our dear brother Rust, the Joseph of sons and brothers, the Castor of friends, the Bayard of purity, the St. George of the oppressed——"

"Lies, all lies!" interrupted a voice from the entrance of the room.

There stood a man in traveling costume, both hands extended as if in greeting, while the smile in his eyes and on his lips, softened the offence of his gruff exclamation.

With a general shout of welcome, the gentlemen jumped up and surrounded the new-comer, shaking his hands, slapping him on the back, dragging him towards the table, one ringing for a waiter, another pouring wine for him, and all together, by movement and speech, trying to express their joy. Like horses in a steeple-chase the exclamations followed each other:—

"When did you get back, old man?"

"How have you been?"

"How brown you are!"

"You don't look a day older!"

"Why didn't you come earlier?"

"Give me breathing time" said Rust, leaning back in his chair, "a bite to eat and a drop to drink. I am starved. My steamer was late and I couldn't get an earlier train."

Waiters began serving him, and he attacked the fare before him with no apparent fears of dyspeptic results.

"Gentlemen," said Professor Wyse, glass in hand, "the presence of our friend should be no impediment to our proceedings. We were about to drink his health, and he can certainly not censure as a lie our heartfelt toast, Long live our good friend Rust!"

"Hear! Hear!" chorused his listeners, enthusiastically pounding the table.

"Bumpers," exclaimed Gay, filling his glass. The gentlemen rose to their feet and drained their glasses.

"I suppose I should answer you," said Rust, without rising, "but I can't just now. I'm too busy. Besides, if drinking my health furnished you with an excuse for enjoying that wine, I'm satisfied. But don't affect your own health by drinking mine."

For the next twenty minutes Rust was the target for a ceaseless fusillade of questions and remarks, which he ignored until he had satisfied the cravings of the inner man. Then, lighting a cigar and leaning back in his chair, he said:—

"Now I'm ready for you."

"Tell us something about your travels."

Rust smiled slightly. "It is impossible to re-

late the history of ten years in one night. I've seen the world, that's the amount of it."

"And you are tired of it, eh?"

"And you think Yankee-land the best after all?"

"And you have come to settle here?"

"No, I am not tired of it, I don't think Yankee-land the best, and as for settling, I doubt if I can stand your philistinism."

"Why? Is the culture of the 'Modern Athens' not good enough for you?"

"No. My study of humanity in its various stages in all parts of the globe, has taught me that what we call culture and civilization is a humbug, to be despised."

"That is a bold statement, Rust," said the professor, "and requires proof before we can accept it."

"Proof! Who can prove sentiments, even if they have convincing power for himself?"

"And yet you wouldn't give up your civilization."

"I wish I *could* free myself from the chains of culture."

"Pshaw! No man ever did, no man ever could.

"Yes, two; Diogenes and Emin Pascha. The one preferred his solitude in a tub to the favors of Alexander the Great, and the other refused to be "rescued" from his happy life with the blacks."

"Thank you," said Mr. Fish, "I decline to live without the theatre, eau-de-cologne, and champagne."

"That's an excellent abstract of your civilization; the artificial increase of life's necessities."

"How about law and order?" asked Gay.

"Do you claim that civilized nations are ruled more justly by their farcical governments than uncultured tribes are by their social equality?"

"You are speaking of savages and heathen," said the Rev. Mr. Bolden, "people thousands of years behind us in culture and religion."

"Culture and religion! What an antithesis!"

"How dare you say that? Has not religion, and especially Christianity, built up the culture of to-day?"

"Most decidedly not. Religion and culture are the deadliest enemies. Christianity especially has been a drag on progress. Compare the Chinese of a thousand years ago, before they came in contact with western civilization — with yourselves — and you will find that they were in many respects ahead of us."

"Granted that they knew many things which we had to invent anew, but never before has so high a state of knowledge been reached as we have attained in the nineteenth century."

"There I differ with you. The ancient Egyp-

tians knew more about architecture, trigonometry, medicine, and chemistry than we will probably learn in hundreds of years."

"But their knowledge was confined to a chosen few, while the masses were as ignorant as the cattle with whom they lived."

"That was only the outcome of a cast distinction very similar to your present social exaltation of privileged classes."

"Anyone can get an education and develop his talents nowadays, in America."

"If he has money or cheek."

"No, take for example ourselves. We were born in different social spheres, but we have all succeeded in reaching the highest step on the ladder of education."

"Granted; but what does that mean?"

"Why, look around this table. Here are eight of us, representing different occupations which play a most important part in civilized life, and aim at the highest ends."

"Most important part! Highest ends!" said Rust, derisively; "I should like to hear from each of you what you regard as the importance and the ideal end of your occupations. Reverend Sir, suppose you commence."

"I regard my office as a vehicle to raise people above sordid earthly matters, and to awaken in

them a consciousness of their duties to God and of their life hereafter."

"Translated into my language, that means you preach things which you do not know and do not believe."

"I do know that we have duties to fulfill towards our fellow-men, and I do believe in a superior power governing the universe."

"To teach this neither preachers nor churches are necessary. About other parts of the universe you know nothing, and for *this* planet, liberty, equality, and fraternity ought to suffice."

"As a representative of the people," cried the Hon. Mr. Browne, "I claim that we did and do the best to achieve liberty and equality in our grand republic."

"Yes, the liberty to starve and the equality to rot in your graves."

"But, Rust, you must allow that our government, from the smallest village to the nation's capital, is *by* the people, *for* the people and *of* the people."

"Or, if you stick to facts, by a *few*, for the *privileged*, and of the *dupes*."

"None can be duped of their equal rights before the law," exclaimed Gay.

"Not if he can afford to engage a lawyer, to bribe a jury, and to hush the police."

"You will not deny that our laws are the best and most just of all civilized countries."

"Laws that condemn a man to death on mere circumstantial evidence; laws that confine a man among criminals on suspicion that he may intend to leave the state without paying his debts; laws that require of women the same duties as of men, while they are denied equal rights; laws that permit a man to rob a girl of her virginity at an age when she is not legally allowed to marry or to control her property, of little value compared with her purity; laws that send a man to prison for stealing a loaf of bread to feed his starving children, and let the man who steals millions live unmolested in luxury; laws that imprison a man for acts committed in insanity, while thousands of women who have deliberately murdered their unborn children live respected members of society, as well as the physicians and midwives who were their accomplices."

"It is disgraceful," said Dr. Vincent, "but I must acknowledge that Rust is right. More unborn children are murdered annually in Boston by married and unmarried mothers, than there are murders committed throughout the civilized world. But although some physicians may lend themselves to such infamous practices, they are exceptions, and I think I am justified in feeling proud of

being a member of a profession which is a boon to mankind."

"Boon to mankind? Annually despatching hundreds to a quiet resting-place in the grave yard."

"How about the thousands we save?"

"Save from what? You believe, or pretend to believe, that you cure maladies of which you neither know the origin nor the nature, by treatments and medicines which often prove worse than the disease. You know as little of the workings of man's inner organization as you do of the drugs you pour into him. Compare our brawny, long-lived ancestors with the puny generation of to-day; the effete, dissipated, degenerated, and nervous wrecks of the so-called upper classes, and the weak, bloodless and scrofulous hordes of the masses, and you will not only see that medicine is in its infancy, but also that humanity is driven by prevailing conditions to physical degeneration."

"You frighten a fellow, Rust," cried Mr. Thorp, in mock terror. "It isn't quite so black as you paint it, and what there is I believe to be a consequence of the hurry and rush of our life, and they are unavoidable in this century of commerce, industry, and inventions. Many may think the business man the mental inferior of you professional fellows, but I am proud to feel myself a cog in the great machine

which bridges the seas, connects foreign lands, exchanges the products of the brain for the superfluous fruits of the soil, and has made this nation the grandest and richest on the globe."

"And in this grand and rich mercantile dominion, all the fruits of your hurry and rush flow exclusively into the pockets of a few speculators, schemers, and monopolists."

"Every one gets a share according to his work and ability."

"Some get the kernel, some get the shell. The man who lives in luxury on the interest of the money he inherited from his father, does not even toss a crust of bread to the starving children of the poor devil who toils for him."

"Don't you think, Rust," said Fish, that the man who risks his money in an enterprise deserves to reap the profit from it? As for your other statement, I can give you convincing proofs of the most liberal and noble charity of our rich men."

"You call it charity to rob the poor classes of millions and give them hundreds as alms? I call it humbug and self-glorification!"

"You can't apply these terms to our orphan asylums, homes for the aged and infirm, hospitals and kindred institutions."

"Most decidedly I can. These institutions are

merely screens to hide the crimes which you commit by neglecting the rights of your oppressed fellow-men. By draping your heartlessness in the toga of benevolence, you strive to hide the real facts from your victims, who would crush you all if their eyes were opened."

"That is my cue," exclaimed Colonel Watson. "How about the knights of the press who unmask to the public every injustice, who fight fearlessly for the right?"

"That is, if the right pays for advertisements and injustice does not oil the printing-press."

"Don't we fight for political rights, for progress, enlightenment, and the education of the people?"

"Yes, you fight for the right to be led, like a flock of sheep, to the polls, there to vote for some puppet; you fight for progress by clinging to a constitution framed a century ago and sadly insufficient for the needs of to-day; you fight for enlightenment by searching for faults in other nations, and throwing mud at your political adversaries, praising your own country and party to the skies, blind to their every shortcoming; you fight for what you call education and which is nothing more than adherence to prejudiced sophistics taught by persons entirely unfit even to learn."

"By Jove, Rust, you are going too far!" exclaimed Prof. Wyse. "If you have learned so much

more than we, where was the foundation of your knowledge laid if not in our modern educational institutions?"

"No, my dear fellow, if I know anything it was not learned at Harvard, Paris, and Leipzig Universities, nor in the great calf-bound philosophies of Aristotle and Schopenhauer. I have read the leaves of humanity, I have dissected the souls of mankind, and I have investigated into the instincts of animals, and for all this I would have been much better fitted had I never seen ink and paper, had I never worn a coat and never feasted upon anything but fruit and water."

"That means that you are sorry not to walk on four legs and live in the forest a la Rousseau's ideal."

"Exactly. There I could be what I am and would not need to pretend to be what I never will become."

"I am very glad, Rust, that you acknowledge pretending to something, because for the last half hour you have been heaping accusation upon accusation against us, for what you call our pretences!"

"It seems that Rust came expressly to Boston to overthrow all our ideas."

"Not exactly. But why can't we turn the tables for once, and instead of trying to force our

wisdom upon other nations, profit by what we can learn from them?"

"And pray, O Socrates of the nineteenth century, may we know what golden message of wisdom you bear!"

"Jesting aside—you may. I did not learn it to keep it for myself. Here it is in a nutshell: civilization is a humbug, culture is a fraud, and both are based upon lies and nothing but lies!"

"No, no!"

"That's too strong!"

"Pessimism!"

"That outbids Schopenhauer."

"Now look here, Rust," said the Rev. Mr. Bolden, "you have taken us unawares and said a lot of things we cannot digest without thought. But take it for granted that we acknowledge—as we do not—having been mistaken in our idealistic views of our occupations; let us suppose that we erroneously place upon a pedestal many results of our civilization,—this does not give you the right to tear everything to pieces, to deny all good in the present advanced state of humanity."

"Pray, what is that good? Is it that which you call religion, and which is a mere pretence of believing what you cannot believe? Is it your social system, which is merely another form of might makes right? Is it your morals, which

have degraded the natural relation of the sexes to the market?"

"But, Rust, everything is not hypocrisy and lies; there is some truth to be found in our life."

"Are the relations of parents and children, of husband and wife, of friends and associates, of buyer and seller, of employer and employee,—in short, is there anything in your civilized existence based upon truth? The man of to-day lies continually from the moment he rises to the time he retires, if not intentionally, then from force of circumstances or habit."

"You don't mean to say that we are all liars?"

"You have said it for me. The poison of lying has become so inoculated in all our social and business relations that it is an utter impossibility for any one to get along if he adheres strictly to the truth."

"I suppose you refer to the polite phrases and conventionalities of life as lies?"

"No. Although I don't approve of them I regard them as harmless. I mean the lies we speak and act."

"And you claim that we could not get along without them?"

"Not for any length of time."

"I'll wager I could for a year," exclaimed Mr. Fish.

"Not for a month, not even for a week."

"Ho, ho!"

"Nonsense!"

"Back it up."

"Make a bet."

"I'll join you."

"I am willing to bet any amount," said Mr. Thorp, "that I am able to stick to the truth for one week at least."

"I also."

"And I."

"And I."

"We all are."

"I hate betting, but there is something at stake for me to win which leads me to act against my principle and accept the bets. But first let us clearly understand the conditions. I claim that you cannot tell the truth, the whole truth, for one week; you must each pledge me your word of honor to do so, without concealment or prevarication of any kind, for seven successive days. Whoever wishes to be relieved from his pledge must apply to me, giving sufficient reasons for his withdrawal. I can be found every evening at nine o'clock at the Algonquin Club. Our bet shall be a thousand dollars apiece, the winner to name the purpose to which his winnings shall be dedicated.

Do you accept, gentlemen?" queried Rust, with outstretched hand.

Eight gentlemen rose from their chairs and eight right hands were extended.

"The bet is a go; let's seal it, boys," said Thorp, signaling the waiter for more champagne.

"But it's late," objected Bolden; "you'll get a curtain lecture when you reach home."

"We haven't Rust and thousand-dollar bets every night."

When the glasses were refilled, Rust rose again.

"*Fellow-liars*," said he, "here's to the man who can answer the question "WHO LIES?" with a conscientious "*Not I!*"

SECTION TWO.

THE PHYSICIAN.

SECTION II.

The Physician.

SCENE I. — DR. VINCENT'S *office. A cosily furnished room containing a well-selected medical library and several ominous looking cases of instruments. The Doctor's desk is in the centre of the room. Prominent among the various papers and paraphernalia of his profession that cover it, is an elaborate frame containing the photograph of a charming young girl, signed "Yours lovingly, Mab." The Doctor's servant is busily dusting. Enter to him* DR. VINCENT.

Dr. Good morning, Parks. Any callers yet?

Parks. Yes, sir; a shabby looking man is waiting.

Dr. Show him in.

The servant goes out. DR. VINCENT *removes his coat, cheerfully humming an air from a popular operetta. Goes to his desk. Pauses a moment to read a card tacked upon it that bears the in-*

scription, "This is my busy day." Laughs; erases the word "busy" and substitutes "truthful." Sits at desk. Takes up the photograph. Looks at it sentimentally; sighs. PARKS *ushers in a very seedy looking man. The Doctor sets down the picture and turns to his patient.* PARKS *goes out quietly.*

Dr. Good morning, sir; be seated.

Jones (*sitting on the edge of a chair and playing nervously with his hat*). Doctor, I—I'm a poor man. I can't pay you anything but—but I'm the father of four little ones and I dassen't get sick for their sakes, so I—I——

Dr. (*kindly*). All right, my man. Just tell me your trouble and I'll do what I can for you.

Jones. Thank you kindly, sir.

Dr. Well, what ails you?

Jones. It's a dizziness in the head, and a weak, all-gone feeling. It used to be seldom; but lately it comes oftener and oftener, so I ain't fit for work. I keep books, and when it's on me the figures seem to dance about and—and I can't work.

Dr. Let me see your tongue. (*Feels pulse and examines patient according to stereotyped formula.*) I'm going to ask you a question or two that may seem foreign to medicine, but I want you to answer, nevertheless.

Jones. Yes, sir.

Dr. You say you are a book-keeper; how many hours a day do you work?

Jones. Ten; but there's often overwork for three or four hours.

Dr. Yes; and what do you eat for lunch?

Jones. Anything my wife may have to give me, sir; bread and a bit of cold meat or so.

Dr. What is your salary?

Jones. Fifteen dollars a week.

Dr. Do any of your family earn anything?

Jones. Not now, sir. My wife aint fit to work since the last one came, and the children are too small yet.

Dr. I can't help you with medicines, my man. It's substantial food that you want.

Jones. I couldn't eat, sir, and see the wife and children hungry. I couldn't, indeed.

Dr. (*writing a note*). Take this note to the gentleman it is addressed to and he may be able to put you in the way of doing better than you are now.

Jones. Thank you kindly, sir. (*Takes the note.*)

Dr. (*producing his purse*). And meanwhile——

Jones. No, doctor. I'd be glad of a chance to earn something more, but I'd rather not take charity. I — I hope I won't come to that, sir. Good morning, and thank you again.

[*Exit* JONES.

Dr. Good morning. There goes my first example of truth-telling. I wonder what good it did there? (*Parks shows in another caller, an elegantly dressed lady.*) My dear Mrs. Dole, I am deli— how do you do?

Mrs. Dole. So, so. (*She sits.*) Going to the Fox's to-morrow?

Dr. I think so. Are you?

Mrs. Dole. Perhaps; I don't know. I feel so — so tired, don't you know, — that tired feeling all the time — I thought I'd call on you again.

Dr. Yes?

Mrs. Dole. Can't you do anything more for me. (*Dr. glances at card on his desk and is silent.*) Wouldn't a trip abroad be of great benefit to me?

Dr. You mean as a pleasure trip? Your health doesn't require it. You are no more sick than I am, Mrs. Dole.

Mrs. Dole (*looks at him indignantly for a moment and then bursts out laughing*). I know it, you bear; and I poured all your nasty medicines into the sink when they came, but I *want* to be sick, and you've got to help me. I've set my heart on a trip to Europe and my husband absolutely refuses to let me go; so my health must imperatively demand it, don't you know, or else the consequences may be serious. (*The Doctor plays with a paper knife on his desk, intently gazing downward*

at nothing in particular. He remains silent.) Well, why don't you say something?

Dr. I have nothing to say.

Mrs. Dole. How stupid you are! Just write a note to Charlie telling him of the serious state of my health. I'll look it through and see that it is all right.

Dr. I cannot do it, Mrs. Dole.

Mrs. Dole. Why, what's the matter?

Dr. If you are ill I shall be happy to do all I can for you, but a case of this kind I must decline.

Mrs. Dole. Just as you please, of course. I thought you would be willing to make out fat little bills for the accommodation of the ladies of our set. Had I supposed you went in for the George-Washington-and-his-hatchet style, I should not have troubled you. I fear your supersensitive conscience will cost you many a fashionable patient. Good morning, Doctor.

[*Exit Mrs. Dole, laughing maliciously.*

Dr. Good morning. (*He follows her to the door and meets, as they are about to knock, a middle-aged gentleman accompanied by a nervous young man with a sallow complexion and dark rings under his eyes. He greets them cordially and indicates chairs. All sit.*) How are you, Mr. Curtis? Nothing wrong, I hope?

Curtis. I'm nicely, doctor. It's my boy, George,

here, I want you to examine. He's been real miserable of late. I think from overstudy, although he says not. I didn't want to alarm my wife by sending for you, so we called here.

Dr. (*to young man*). What seems to be the trouble, George?

George. Nothing very definite. I'm nervous and absent-minded; I sleep very little and have terrible headaches.

Dr. H'm. (*Feels patient's pulse.*) Let me see your tongue. (*Examines the protruded member gravely.*) H'm.

Dr. You think it overstudy Mr. Curtis, eh? George is still at Harvard then?

Curtis. Yes.

Dr. What clubs do you belong to, George.

George. Any number of them. "The Terpsichore," "The Jolly Fellows," "The Owls," and half a dozen others.

Dr. H'm. All social clubs, I suppose, that keep you out late at night quite often?

George. Yes.

Dr. You are not a temperance man?

George. No, indeed. I don't object to an occasional glass or two, and it does n't hurt a fellow, either.

Dr. I see. You have been intoxicated occasionally?

George. Not very often. I——

Dr. Do you smoke?

Curtis. Yes, he does; hundreds of those nasty cigarettes, and I can't make him give them up.

Dr. Are you in love, George?

George (*starting guiltily*). Why—I—No. Why do you ask?

Dr. Perhaps I should put the question differently. Is there any woman with whom you are intimate; any—er—intrigue, in fact?

George (*hesitatingly*). Why—I——

Dr. Think before you speak. You must answer truthfully if you want my advice to be of any value to you. You need only reply with a yes or no.

Curtis. By Jingo, Doctor! I believe you've hit his trouble. He has been keeping such unusually late hours and—(*to his son*) come, sir, speak up.

George (*desperately*). Well, then, yes; but I assure you, aside from my headaches and lassitude I am perfectly well. There is no blame to be laid to——

Curtis (*growling*). Young rascal! You'll have to make a clean breast of this to me before night.

Dr. You want a truthful statement of your case?

Curtis. Of course.

Dr. Then here it is. A year ago you were

a healthy, bright-looking lad; to-day you look and are physically worn out. You have been forcing your appetites to the utmost; you need rest, not physic, and the sooner you take it the better it will be for you. If you persist in your present mode of life, keeping late hours, drinking, and smoking to excess, and too frequently indulging your sexual passions, you will be an incurable nervous wreck in a very short time.

Curtis. Do you mean to say my boy is a gross sensualist?

Dr. That is a harsh term for it, Mr. Curtis.

Curtis. But it's what you meant, isn't it?

Dr. Yes.

Curtis. Then I don't believe you understand the case at all. The Curtises are all temperate, and George is no exception. Your supposition is an insult, sir.

Dr. Did you come to me to hear the truth or flattery?

Curtis. That is not the truth!

Dr. It is what I honestly believe to be so, at least.

Curtis. Then you are mistaken.

Dr. I think not.

Curtis (*rising*). We shall see a specialist about it. And, by the way, Doctor, you think so much of the truth, I'll give you some. You're a bit

young yet, you lack experience, and I think I shall have to look for an older and more experienced physician to treat my family. Good morning. Come, George.

(*Exit the Curtises. As the door closes after them, the Doctor returns to his desk, scowls a moment at the card "This is my truthful day", then sits and begins to write. He is interrupted by another caller, Mr. Fuller.*)

Dr. Good morning, Mr. Fuller. All your family are well, I hope?

Fuller (*seating himself*). All very well, Doctor, except myself. I don't seem to improve at all. You've always been called up to see me, but this time I thought I would come to your office, because I want a plain talk with you.

Dr. Why? Are there any new symptoms?

Fuller. None; but somehow I have got an idea that you conceal the true state of my case and I thought maybe it was on account of my family. I came to find out the truth for myself.

Dr. There is no cause for immediate alarm, Mr. Fuller, and there may never be, still I cannot tell what may develop. We can only wait.

Fuller. Explain, Doctor.

Dr. I cannot. Your case is one of those internal disorders that medicine is still in the dark about. I have tried every test of my science, but

without results, and I do not know what more to do or to suspect.

Fuller. Then you have been simply experimenting upon me all the while I have been under your treatment?

Dr. Yes. I have done every thing I could think of, but treating such disorders as yours is like groping in the dark. We cannot see, to locate the exact seat of the ailing; we can only guess.

Fuller (*wrathfully*). If you didn't know, why the devil didn't you tell me so in the first place, so that I could find some one who did?

Dr. You would have found no one who knew better than I, although some might have said they did; besides, I hoped to aid you with my medicines and eventually locate the trouble and effect a permanent cure.

Fuller. Kill or cure, I suppose! And to think you have been our family physician for years!

Dr. I believe, in all that time, I have served you well.

Fuller. But you don't know! Hereafter I shall have some one who does.

Dr. Or who says he does. I am honest with you.

Fuller. At the eleventh hour. Excuse me from such honesty.

Dr. Had you said at first you wished to be deceived——

Fuller. Had you said at first you were deceiving— Good morning (*with sarcastic emphasis*), *Doctor!*

(*Exit Fuller. Doctor pulls card marked "This is my truthful day" from his desk, and savagely tears it to pieces.*)

Dr. Three of my best patients set against me and heaven knows how many more lost through them. Esculapius and Veritas do not work well together.

(*Enter Parks with a note.*)

Parks. Mr Varney's man just left this note for you, sir.

Dr. (*opens note and reads*). "Dear Charlie, please call as soon as possible. Very pressing matter. MAB."

Dr. (*putting on coat and hat*). Parks, I am going out for awhile. If any one calls, let them wait or leave their address. [*Exit Doctor.*

SCENE II. *The Home of Mr. Richard Varney. Miss Mabel Varney, standing at the window, sees her fiancée, Dr. Vincent, approaching and runs to the door to meet him. After the usual tender greetings common to all engaged couples, she leads him to the reception room. The Doctor*

says, while his arm rests lovingly about her waist:—

Dr. And is the pater ill again, Mab, dear?

Mab. No. He's about the same, but I was afraid you wouldn't come in business hours if I didn't give some good reason, so——

Dr. Little fibber! And what was the pressing matter you called me for?

Mab (*archly*). I am.

Dr. To be exact, this matter is not pressing, but to be pressed.

(*Osculatory interlude.*)

Mab. Now don't, Charlie. Be sensible.

Dr. How can I when you enchant me out of my senses, you little fairy? Queen Mab!

(They sit on a tiny tete-a-tete, attempting to disprove the law of physics which says, "Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.")

Mab. Naughty boy. I haven't seen you for eighteen hours! How was your meeting last night, you model member of the Model Nine?

Dr. We had a glorious time.

Mab. And drank a shameful quantity of wine.

Dr. (*laughs*). I did my share, but it wasn't a circumstance to what we fellows used to do when we went on "rackets" in the old college days.

Mab. Charlie, I want you to tell me all about those days. Confession is good for the soul,

and besides, I have a right to know, since I am to be your wife.

(*The Doctor thinks of his pledge and mentally curses the moment that he entered into it, but faces the music manfully.*)

Dr. I have often thought, Mab, dear, that you ought to know, or at least have some idea of what my past life has been. I was the same as all young fellows in our set, but your innocent womanhood knows nothing of such things. Often and often I regret the past, but it is too late. Neither I, nor any of the boys, were to blame, though. It is all the fault of our modern social system, which is rotten to the core.

Mab. Why, what terrible confession are you preparing me for?

Dr. Only, as I said before, what every fellow of our set must own to. When a girl marries, her husband demands that she come to him in spotless purity, but men seldom give to their wives the purity they expect from them.

Mab (*pained*). Surely, Charlie, you do not mean to say that you ——?

Dr. I am like the others, dear. Society forgives a man for what it will never pardon in a woman. A woman is condemned, socially ostracized, for a weakness wrongly called a sin, while a man, the very partner of her guilt, is welcomed

with open arms, although his sin is known, yea, even though he be the more culpable sinner! He is even courted as a fit and desirable husband for the pure daughters of this most discriminating society. This state of affairs has existed for centuries, and, consequently, all young men indulge their baser passions as a matter of course.

Mab. And you have been so base, so wicked?

Dr. Alas! yes, dear; long before I knew you. It is well, perhaps, that you should know this now, so that after marriage I will not disappoint you by proving a poorer thing than I am, for I am poor enough, heaven knows!

Mab. Go on.

(*She moves from him to the end of the tete-a-tete.*)

Dr. I need not particularize my — my shortcomings. I was not a Don Juan, a seducer of innocence. All my — my companions were women who — who had fallen before I met them — except one. She was a — a girl you know, and we were both to blame; but it is all over now.

(*Mabel rises, suppressing her tears with difficulty.*)

Mab (*indignantly*). All over?

Dr. Yes.

Mab. But it ought not to be all over. She, not I, should be your wife.

Dr. Impossible!

Mab. Impossible! Why? Because you are

tired of her? Because I have chanced to please your fancy?

Dr. Mab! Do you think so meanly of me as that? It is impossible that I can marry her because she *is* married.

Mab. Married? Since — since you ——?

Dr. Since our intimacy? Yes. Her husband believes in her. Is it my place to undeceive him?

Mab. Oh, horrible!

(*She bursts into tears and runs from the room. The Doctor looks after her irresolutely, doubtful whether to follow or not. He decides to wait, and begins thoughtfully pacing up and down the room. Enter to him, shortly, Mr. Richard Varney, Mabel's father.*)

Varney. What the devil have you been up to with my girl, Vincent? She's crying her eyes out about something.

Dr. (*moodily*). I've been confessing. Telling her of all the follies of youth — of the other women.

Varney (*irritably*). You idiot! You knew what a sentimental girl she is, and might have guessed how she would take such a confession. Why didn't you wait until you had married her?

SECTION THREE.

THE MERCHANT.

SECTION III.

The Merchant.

SCENE I. — *Breakfast room in the residence of Mr. Edwin Thorp. Mr. Thorp and his wife are seated at the table just finishing breakfast. Mrs. Thorp is reading the last pages of a book, and her husband is glancing through the newspaper, sipping his coffee between the reading of the financial columns and an account of a terrible colliery explosion.*

Mrs. Thorp (*finishing the book, closing and laying it on the table with a sigh*). That is a wonderful work, Edwin.

Thorp (*absorbed in his paper*). H'm.

Mrs. Thorp. You must read it, dear; you must.

Thorp (*finishing the account of the colliery disaster and taking up his coffee-cup, preparatory to a final sip*). What is it?

Mrs. Thorp. Ibsen's "Ghosts."

Thorp. Ghosts? Cheerful subject. (*Sips coffee.*)

Mrs. Thorp. But it isn't about ——

Thorp. I know. I've read it. (*Sets down empty coffee-cup.*)

Mrs. Thorp. You have? Don't you think it grand?

Thorp (*folding his paper*). Morbid sort of thing. Just what a fellow would suppose Rust would write.

Mrs. Thorp. Mr. Rust? Is he back?

Thorp. Yes. Came to our dinner last night. Talked pessimism and the deterioration of humanity all the evening.

Mrs. Thorp. Indeed?

Thorp. Yes. Said we were all liars.

Mrs. Thorp (*laughs*). How very complimentary.

Thorp. Yes; we felt flattered. He said we couldn't speak the truth, that is, the entire truth without concealment or prevarication of any kind for a single week.

Mrs. Thorp. And what did you say?

Thorp. We all said our little say, and finally the thing culminated in a wager; thousand dollars apiece, that we could do it.

Mrs. Thorp. Well?

Thorp. Well, we pledged our honor as gentlemen to speak the truth, the entire truth, and nothing else.

Mrs. Thorp. So if I ask you a question you are in honor bound to reply.

Thorp. Yes, fully and entirely.

Mrs. Thorp (*laughs*). Then I'm going to cross-examine you.

Thorp. Fire away.

Mrs. Thorp. Let me see. I want to know — m'm — oh! yes. Whose photograph was it I found among your things just after we returned from our bridal trip? Do you remember it?

Thorp. You know I've got to answer you, so blame yourself if you've put your foot in it.

Mrs. Thorp (*laughingly*). This promises to be a very interesting confession.

Thorp. She was a — er — little chorus girl in the "McBluff Opera Company." I used to take her out to supper. She could kick higher than any girl I ever met. Smashed a new hat for me first time we met.

Mrs. Thorp (*soberly*). Oh! How was that?

Thorp. It was the time our football eleven whipped Princeton so unmercifully. We fellows went out to jubilate and "do the town," and dropped into the opera. After the show we went to the stage door, and when the girls came out we "caught on" and — well, we had a jolly supper. My hat got smashed there.

Mrs. Thorp. And you met her after that, of course?

Thorp. Oh, yes. She used to come out to my

room in Holyoke quite often. Whenever the company were in the neighborhood I saw her; but she dropped out of sight.

Mrs. Thorp. I suppose you were sorry.

Thorp. She was a decent little thing; a little lively, of course, but as such girls go, not half bad.

Mrs. Thorp. So there were others still worse?

Thorp. Any quantity. They just run after a Harvard man. Bleeds easy, I suppose. There are no Saint Anthonys in Cambridge.

Mrs. Thorp. Bleeds easy! What do you mean?

Thorp. Why, is easy with his money; gives them all they ask.

Mrs. Thorp. Do you mean that these women took money from you?

Thorp. Certainly. You don't suppose that chorus-girls can wear diamonds on ten dollars a week and be vestal virgins.

Mrs. Thorp. That means you were intimate with prostitutes?

Thorp. Well, they were not regular prostitutes, but some others were.

Mrs. Thorp. And you dared marry me after having been the companion of unnumbered lewd women?

Thorp. That's about the size of it, my dear, just as every other fellow does.

Mrs. Thorp (*rising in excited indignation*). My God! And our child—little innocent?

Thorp. What of him?

Mrs. Thorp. What of him! I dare not think.

Thorp (*irritably*). What the devil do you mean? Surely you can't be jealous of by-gone adventures?

Mrs. Thorp. Jealous? Ridiculous! Although I would be ashamed to walk in the street with you where we might meet dozens of your former flames, I would not lower myself to be jealous of such creatures. No, I am thinking of the little one you so criminally brought into the world, knowing that your past had been spent in revelry and abandonment with the lowest of fallen womanhood, sapping your vitality and your mental strength, degrading yourself to the level of a beast. Why, man, you told me a few moments ago you had read this book. Does it teach you no lesson? You have dared to father a son; were you blind? Do you want to see him grow up like Oswald in "Ghosts"? My God! I cannot bear to think of it. You monster!

(*She bursts into tears and rushes from the room, leaving her husband amazed. He looks after her for a moment. Grunts, rises, and begins pacing about reflectively. Catches sight of the book she*

has been reading; grasps it in a rage aud flings it into the grate fire.)

Thorp (*savagely*). Damn Ibsen!

(*He frowningly watches the book burn, muttering profanely by way of relief to his feelings. Enter Mrs. Howard, his mother-in-law.*)

Mrs. Howard. So, sir, pretty stories you have been confessing to my daughter.

Thorp. Confession be damned! She pumped it out of me. And, pretty or not pretty, I'm no worse than the rest of the fellows; every one of 'em has been through it. Why, confound it, woman, your own son Harry, my chum, was——

Mrs. Howard (*bursting into tears*). That's right, you brute; defame my dear dead angel!

Thorp. Well, well; I don't want to say anything against him. He was a good fellow.

Mrs. Howard. He would never have acted as you did.

Thorp. Well, what is my crime supposed to be?

Mrs. Howard. You should never have asked a pure woman to share your tainted life without having given her a chance to refuse you, after she knew of your past. You dragged her blindfolded to the altar.

Thorp. What else was I to do, I'd like to know?

Mrs. Howard. You should have made a full confession *before* your marriage.

Thorp. Oh hell!

[*Exit Thorp, slamming the door.*

SCENE II. *The Mercantile Establishment of Thorp & Co. The employees are attending to their duties in an inattentive, perfunctory manner, joking and laughing. An office boy calls out, "Cheese it, the old man!" whereupon all the employees suddenly become extremely industrious. Enter Thorp, scowling. He passes into his private office. Takes off his coat and examines his mail. Enter Jones, one of the book-keepers, hurriedly. He is the same man who had previously called at Dr. Vincent's office. As he is hanging up his hat, Thorp catches sight of him and calls.*

Thorp. Jones!

Jones (*hastening to Thorp's office*). Yes, sir.

Thorp. Why are you late again?

Jones. I—I have been ill, sir, and was at the doctor's. I was delayed there.

Thorp. You always have an excuse ready.

Jones. It shan't happen again, sir.

Thorp (*takes a bill from an envelope in his mail*). Did you make out this bill?

Jones. Yes, sir.

Thorp. Look over the figures. If our customer had not been honest, we might have been fifty

dollars out by your careless figuring. What's the matter?

Jones. Well, sir, the fact is I haven't been well the last few days, and ——

Thorp. What the devil do you come here for, then? Why don't you stay at home and rest?

Jones. I — I'm very sorry, sir.

Thorp. Sorry be damned!

Jones. I didn't stay home, sir, because I couldn't afford to lose the pay.

Thorp. You've got to work correctly while you are here, and you'd better wear a different suit in the store, hereafter: that one is altogether too seedy.

Jones. I — I would have done so long ago, but — but I have a family, sir, and my salary is so very small ——

Thorp. Your salary too small? Why, you don't half earn it. I can get some one to do your work for half the money.

Jones. I don't find fault, sir, I ——

Thorp. Find fault? Of course you don't; but I do. I'm sick of your slipshod way of working. I shall not want your services after this week.

Jones (*very pale*). And I — am I discharged?

Thorp. Yes.

Jones. And — and the children?

Thorp. What children?

Jones. Mine, sir. I was thinking of home.

Thorp. Don't bother *me* about 'em. You can draw your week's salary and go now. It'll give you time to find something else to do.

Jones. Yes, sir. I — I'm going.

[*Exit Jones, in a helpless, dazed way.*

Thorp. Poor devil! Perhaps I was wrong in sending him off. It's about as hard to hear the truth as to speak it, especially in a case like this; but every man for himself.

(*A drummer has been waiting at the door of Thorp's office during the interview with Jones. Thorp sees him, but, nevertheless, turns to his desk, pretending to be busy. The drummer, after waiting a few moments, enters the private office.*)

Drummer. Good morning, Mr. Thorp.

Thorp. Morning.

Drummer. My house has just sent me a sample of a job of a hundred dozen A I goods, especially for you, and I brought it in to show.

Thorp (*wheeling about in his chair*). Especially for me, eh? How many houses have seen it?

Drummer. You have first choice.

Thorp. After Warren & Hooper. Now don't tell me anything different, because I saw you coming out of their place this morning with that sample in your hand.

Drummer. But ——

Thorp. I don't want to hear any explanation; I don't want to see any sample. If the goods are not good enough for Warren & Hooper, they are not good enough for me. Good morning.

Drummer. But if you will allow me to ——

Thorp. But I won't.

(*The drummer jams on his hat and exit, swearing.*)

Thorp (*chuckling*). There, I told *him* the truth.

(*A young man, about eighteen years of age, enters the office and says inquiringly*) :—

Parker. Mr. Thorp?

Thorp. Yes, sir. What can I do for you?

Parker. I've brought you a note from my father, Mr. Gerald Parker.

Thorp (*takes note and opening it, reads*) :—

MY DEAR THORP—My son, Gerald, Jr., who will hand you this note, has just graduated from the Huntington Business College, and I am anxious to find him a position wherein he can put into practice the knowledge he has acquired. I can think of no business house that stands higher than that of Thorp & Co., ["Taffy!"] and therefore I send him to you. I shall regard it as a favor if you will find him a place in your house, no matter in what capacity. Make him work; it will do him good.

Yours truly,

GERALD PARKER.

Thorp (*turning to the young man*). So you want a position with us. What can you do?

Parker (*eagerly*). I am a competent book-keeper.

Thorp. How do you know you are?

Parker. My teachers said so.

Thorp. Teachers! That means you know everything theoretical and nothing practical about it, and you want to learn at my expense.

Parker. Oh, no, sir. I don't care about the salary, that is, at first. I am willing to give my time for awhile to learn.

Thorp. And who is to stand the losses I sustain from your errors?

Parker. I shall do my best to be correct.

Thorp. That's what they all say. I've tried 'em before, but the mistakes happen just the same.

Parker. I could work in, sir.

Thorp. Undoubtedly; after you had cost me more in pocket and patience than you are worth, and by the time you are good for something you will either ask me to pay you more than you earn, or else leave me to go with some other house, who will thereby reap all the fruits of my trouble with you.

Parker. After I have learned the business, father says he will advance me capital enough to buy an interest in the firm, if you will admit me.

Thorp. In all probability you will open an opposition to me with your money.

Parker. What right have you to accuse me of double-dealing?

Thorp. I don't accuse you of anything. I am merely telling you of my experience in such matters.

Parker. From which I am to understand ——

Thorp. That I would be more than glad to oblige your father, but I cannot in justice to myself offer you any post that you would be willing to accept. The mercantile college education you have had I count as nothing. It has made you feel yourself above beginning your business career as an errand-boy, but has not made you competent in my eyes, to do more.

Parker. Then I am to tell my father you can not give me a position?

Thorp. Yes. In anything else I should be glad to serve him, but I employ only experienced people in my business. My customers know and appreciate this, and it pays me best.

Parker. Good morning.

Thorp. Good morning. [*Exit Parker.*

Thorp. Damn it! I've told the truth again, and it may cost me one of my best customers.

(*He goes from the office into the store. A customer who has been ordering some goods comes up to him.*)

Customer. Hello, Thorp.

Thorp. How d'ye do? How's trade?

Customer. First rate. How is it with you?

Thorp. I'm not satisfied, to tell the truth.

Customer (*jokingly*). You're a hog.

Thorp (*seriously*). I think I am a little greedy. We've all got to be.

Customer. Yes, the woman must have finery. How's Mrs. T.?

Thorp. Hysterical when I saw her last.

Customer. Oh! Little family row, I suppose.

Thorp. No; big one. Anything I can show you to-day?

Customer. I've just left a little order. I haven't sold any of that big lot I bought of you last week, yet.

Thorp. Oh, that job?

Customer. Yes. I don't like the quality of the goods at all.

Thorp. Neither do I; that's why I sold them so cheap.

Customer. Below cost, you said.

Thorp. Did I? Then I lied.

Customer. I thought so.

Thorp. Sir!

Customer. Come, come; business is business. I'm not finding fault, but I'd like to know what you made on the sale.

Thorp. About twenty-five per cent.

Customer (*incredulously*). Come off!

Thorp. Fact.

Customer (*angrily*). And you had the nerve to tell me you sold the goods below cost?

Thorp. You didn't believe me, though.

Customer. You "sacrifice" goods at twenty-five per cent profit. What do you make on regular goods, then?

Thorp. Thirty-three to fifty per cent.

Customer. I'd rather pay you thirty-three per cent profit on good new stuff, than take old shop-worn goods at twenty-five. I'm going to return that job and buy regular stuff.

Thorp. Not much! I'm telling the truth to-day, damn it! and here's the whole story: I've been trying to work off that lot for months, and now you've got it you'll have to keep it. I won't take it back at half what you paid. The fact is, you're stuck.

Customer. And you coolly stand there and tell me so to my face!

Thorp. I can't help it. I've got to tell the truth to-day. Say, I'll knock off an extra ten per cent from the bill.

Customer. No, sir! You'll take back the goods.

Thorp. After I have been crowing to my sales-

men, and holding up the sale to them as an example? Not much!

Customer. Then you and I are through dealing together.

Thorp. Now look at it rationally. I tell you I am under a pledge to speak the whole and entire truth and nothing else to-day, and so I've had to dispense with the usual embellishments common to all business, and ——

Customer. Before I'll deal with a man who openly acknowledges himself a sharper and a liar, I'll see him in hell!

Thorp (*angry*). Take that back, you — you ——

Customer. I'll take nothing back (*snaps his fingers*). That, for you and your bravado!

Thorp (*purple with rage*). Get out of my store or I'll put you out, you — confounded — impudent ——

Customer. I'm going, Mr. — Liar.

[*Exit customer with a swagger.*

Thorp (*sober*). I've got to get out. If I stay here and try to win my bet with Rust I won't have a customer nor an employee by night. Damn it, I'm going out to get drunk, drinking toasts to lying. [*Gets hat and coat and exit.*

SECTION FOUR.

THE BANKER.

SECTION IV.

The Banker.

As Mr. Fish was examining his mail in the director's room of the Ninety-third National Bank, Mr. Foote, his private secretary, entered with several documents in his hand.

"Good morning, Foote; what is it?" said Fish.

"Good morning, sir. That farmer's loan business needs only your signature to complete the deal," said Foote, opening a document.

"Let me see. What was the transaction?"

"It is an association of western farmers who want to transfer the first mortgages on their farms from the present holders to us," replied Foote. "The present mortgagees demand their interest quarterly, but the mortgagers do not wish to make payment until after the harvests are in."

"I see. What is the rate of interest?" asked Fish.

"Ten per cent."

"I shall not sign the deeds."

"Not sign?" cried Foote, in unconcealed surprise.

"No."

"Why? I am sure the investment is safe as well as profitable."

"I don't doubt it. But look at it from another point of view. Farming does not yield large enough profits to enable the farmer to pay ten per cent for the money he borrows, and live. Such a rate of interest is usury."

"The Schiedam Importing Company pays it to us," retorted Foote.

"Yes; the merchant can pay it, because his business yields him a profit that will allow him to do so, but the farmer can not. I decline the loan."

"Very well, sir," said Foote, resignedly, opening another document.

"The Mausoleum Mining Co., one of our heaviest depositors, has just made a new issue of stock, and Mr. Cramm, their president, wishes us to become the nominal purchaser of five thousand shares. No outlay is required; we simply purchase on paper."

"We can't do it," said Fish, decidedly.

"Refusing may lead them to transfer their account to another bank, and it is a valuable one."

"That will make no difference. We would will-

ingly oblige them in any legitimate way, but what they propose is fraud, and we will have nothing to do with it. What else?"

"Here are—" He was interrupted by the entrance of a clerk, who announced three gentlemen to see Mr. Fish.

"Oh, yes; show them in," said the banker. "I will tend to the other matters later," he added, by way of dismissal, to Foote.

The secretary gathered up his papers and silently left the room, as Messrs. Smith, James, and Robinson entered.

"Good morning, gentlemen; pray be seated," said Fish, affably.

The gentlemen returned his friendly greeting, and after seating themselves comfortably, proceeded at once to the business in hand.

"You know what our project is, Mr. Fish," said James, "and what we want to find out to-day is whether you will become a member of our syndicate or not."

"As I understand the scheme, gentlemen," said the banker, "it is to buy up these factories, thus virtually controlling the entire trade of the country."

"Exactly," replied James; "and the income from the investment must be a good one, since we control the supply and can thus regulate prices"

"In short, what you propose is a 'trust.'"

"'Trust' is an ugly word, Mr. Fish," smiled Smith.

"But that is what you propose."

"Maybe; but we won't call it by that name."

"Why not?" asked Fish, sharply.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," smilingly quoted Smith.

"Which means, I suppose, a trust by any other name won't smell so badly, eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Bravo! Mr. Fish," cried Robinson, laughing heartily; "very good indeed."

"Your bank loans money at six per cent on good security, and is glad of the chance to invest," said James, in an oracular manner. "Now we offer you a chance to realize twenty per cent on an investment that is not a whit less safe than any you can enter into, barring none."

"Safe enough," growled Fish, "but is it honest?"

"Now, Fish," said Smith gravely, "is that a business-like, friendly way for you to talk to us? You know us all of old and never had cause to doubt our honesty."

"That's all right," replied Fish; "you mean well, I dare say, but honesty means more than paying what you owe, and keeping within the pale of the law."

"How keeping within the pale of the law?"

"Well, for instance, take your proposition. You don't wish to call it a 'trust.' If you did, it would be unlawful. But by rechristening it, you don't better it. This increase from six per cent to twenty per cent profit must come out of the pockets of the consumer, and as the principal consumers of the product of the factories you wish to control are among the poor——"

"Now, Mr. Fish," interrupted James, "please understand we are here to talk with the banker and not with the philanthropist."

"Do you imagine I change my character according to circumstances, a la Jekyll and Hyde?"

"Come, come, Fish," said Smith, "you have been in many a little "spec" with us before, without probing to see what stuff the foundation was made of."

"I am sorry to say I have been a mover in combinations of this kind, and I am not blind to their consequences. They have for their end extortion from the poor, and bear for their name a lie. They tend to lower the wages of the working man, and increase the cost of living for the poorest classes. Then it devolves upon our charitable societies to assist them. If there were no trusts, there would be far less need for charity."

"Then you're not in it?"

"No."

"Think well. If you decline, we shall go to the Warwick Bank, your rival."

"You are welcome to do so."

"Well, if this decision is final—" and the three men rose.

"It is. And I wish I could persuade you to my way of thinking."

"Perhaps you can," snapped James, "we'll let you have a try some day; but we can't spare the time now. Come, gentlemen."

And with a cold "Good morning," the formers of the trust took their leave.

Mr. Fish, on the departure of his visitors, seated himself at his desk, and gave his attention to the pile of correspondence that awaited his consideration. He was interrupted in his work by a knock at the door, and one of the bank employees announced a man with a letter.

"Show him in," said Fish, and Jones, late book-keeper of Thorp & Co., was ushered into his presence.

"Well, my man, what can I do for you?" inquired Fish.

"I—I called sir, at the recommendation of Dr. Vincent, who gave me this note for you."

The great man took the note and read it.

"You should come to me at my Charten-Street

office Tuesday or Friday afternoons. I cannot find time to attend to such matters in business hours. Dr. Vincent should have known that. However, now you are here I will do what I can. The doctor's recommendation is a sufficient guarantee of your worthiness," and he produced a bundle of colored tickets.

"Yes, sir, you're very kind, sir. If you only could help me to — to ——"

"All right, my man; you shall be helped. Where do you live?"

"Number ten Board Alley, sir. I would like ——"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted Fish, impatiently; "you have a family, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; a wife and four little ones."

"I thought so; they all have! Well, we will send you a bundle of clothing and some groceries and coal. You know our society never gives money."

"Is — is it charity you mean, sir?"

"Certainly. Why do you come to the president of the United Charitable Society?"

"I — I didn't know it, sir," said Jones; "I don't want to ask charity."

"What do you want, then?" asked Fish in a surprised voice. "The doctor writes me he thinks

you deserving of any aid I may be able to give. What else can I give?"

"Give me some work to do, sir, if you can. I want to earn what we need. I — I couldn't depend on charity; indeed I couldn't, sir."

"My dear sir, I have no work for you."

"Nothing in the bank, or — or maybe, some friend who wants a book-keeper?"

"No, indeed. You must go to some employment bureau for that."

"But I can't afford the time, sir. I may have to wait weeks before they find me anything, and what's to become of us all meanwhile?"

"I'm very sorry, my man; but I can do nothing for you. If you want anything from our society in the way of clothes or groceries for your family, I shall be glad to assist you, but that is all we can do."

"I thank you, sir," said Jones, in a choking voice, while a nervous tremor agitated his frame. "I think you mean well, but there's a kind of charity you don't seem to understand, — the charity which does not try to humble a man by making him feel that he is taking alms; the charity which don't expect a man to thankfully accept whatever he is given, no matter whether it supplies his needs or not; the charity with a kind and cheering word, with a helping hand, — not necessa-

rily the giving hand; the charity of humanity, — of brother to brother. Good morning, sir," and the shabby little man left the room with his head proudly erect, and a red spot burning on either cheek.

"H'm," muttered Fish, as he replaced his colored tickets in his desk, "it looks as if he had also pledged himself to Rust. I believe the man is right; friendly cheerful words and an employment-bureau would enable us to do more real charity than all our money now does;" and he turned again to his correspondence.

He was interrupted by another caller, Mrs. Dole.

"I'm a terrible bore, don't you know," said the lady, as she seated herself, after an exchange of polite greetings, "but I thought I must drop in on you for a moment, as I passed, even if I do take a little of your time. You are always so busy."

"What has brought you to me, madame?"

"You remember our conversation regarding the plans to raise funds for the society?" said Mrs. Dole. "I have in mind an excellent scheme which the other members of the committee are very much in favor of, and which will increase our funds materially, I hope."

"What is that?" asked the banker.

"I propose to publish a little book containing

a history of our society and its prominent members. The portraits of all members who have donated a thousand dollars or more, will appear, together with their biography at some length, a brief sketch of the life of those who have contributed not less than five hundred dollars, and the names of all other members. You see, there are so many people nowadays who like to read about themselves that when my scheme becomes known I expect donations will pour in."

"You propose to work upon people's vanity, eh?"

"Exactly. I am sure the book will develop into quite a large volume, because everyone will want his name to appear in it."

"It is a species of deceit, Mrs. Dole."

"Mr. Fish," said Mrs. Dole, reddening at his words, "you are using very strong language. The entire committee are in favor of my plan, through which we could gain large subscriptions we would never be able to get otherwise."

"I do not doubt it, but that does not alter my convictions."

"Your portrait is to be engraved as a frontispiece."

"Even that cannot buy me to favor it."

"And you will not help me?"

"In no way, Mrs. Dole."

"Well," said the lady, striving to conceal her displeasure, "if we cannot agree upon this matter, I have still another plan in which you may co-operate with me."

"And that is?"

"A Russian fair; a miniature Nigni-Novgorod. Russia is a fashionable fad just now, and the costumes are so fetching, don't you know. The ladies of our society are already soliciting donations, and we shall shortly call a general meeting to recruit all the prettiest girls as attendants at the various booths."

"And you intend the young ladies to sell tickets and press people to buy?"

"Certainly. And to get big prices for everything, too."

"And you call that charity?"

"Of course I do. Why, only think how many poor people we can feed and clothe with the money we will realize?"

"You forget your affair will lead many young men into expenses they cannot afford. I know these fairs from experience. Young men, who are received in society, consider it their duty to buy from and for every lady they know, whether they can afford it or not. If a student's allowance or a clerk's salary is not sufficient he will borrow or steal, and the good you do on one side is far over-

balanced by the harm you cause on the other."

"But no one need spend more than he can afford."

"Pardon me; that is not so. The young ladies vie with each other in their attempt to make the largest sales, and every kind of trick and subtefuge is employed to extort money from visitors. Young men are the especial victims, and some of the methods employed would be called contemptible, even dishonest, if they were not clothed in the cloak of charity."

"What an ugly way of talking! Contemptible! Dishonest!" said Mrs. Dole, hotly. "Do the young ladies gain anything by it for themselves? The income from the fair is not derived so much from the young men. Think of the hard work of the organizers, who not only give their work, but contribute money and goods as well."

"Never according to their means or the air and importance they assume," retorted the banker. "They donate second-hand household goods or dreadful embroideries and useless fancy work. It is true they give their time, because they have no other purpose than to kill it. Besides, they gain for themselves the same kind of notoriety your proposed book offers, and it tickles their vanity. No, Mrs. Dole, I do not approve of that kind of thing; it is not real charity."

"What is your idea of real charity, O great philanthropist?" asked Mrs. Dole, sarcastically.

"As long as we cannot carry out real charity, we ought to replace our pretentious schemes by a system which is already in successful use elsewhere and has proved as just as it is beneficial."

"And what is it that has found favor in your eyes?" questioned the lady, in the same sarcastic tone.

"The Elberfeld System, in which I shall strive to interest our society and the city authorities. Under this system the funds necessary to relieve the poor, sick, and disabled are furnished by the city, which taxes for this purpose all citizens according to their income. The disbursement is controlled by 'fathers of the poor,' who are elected in each ward by the popular vote of men, women, and children. Thus the most kindly and sympathetic men are chosen, and they appoint the necessary assistants from those whom they think best fitted for the posts. These assistants have each not more than five families under their care whom they visit regularly in order to be thoroughly posted in regard to their needs. They not only furnish their charges in case of need with the necessary food, clothes, shelter, and medical attendance, but, what is of more value, they find employment for every one and enable them to earn

their livelihood. As a consequence, there is no degrading beggary, no applying for help as a last resort, no public alms-giving, or refusing and postponing of necessary relief. If we were to adopt this system, we would have neither professional beggars nor professional charity-workers; neither lazy fellows who pretend to be subjects for charity, nor time-killers who pretend to devote their lives to benevolence; we would need neither asylums for the homeless, reform schools, work houses, and soup-kitchens, nor charitable societies, charity fairs, and balls. Every one would contribute according to his means, and no one could pretend to be a benefactor of humanity by scheming to coax the money out of the pockets of others in order to help those to whom we do not give more than it is our duty to."

"Your scheme is a grand one, Mr. Fish," said the lady, ironically, "and I have no doubt that *when you carry it out* you will have entirely rescued humanity. *Meanwhile*, permit me and the ladies of the society to continue in our way, that we may provide for the present, while you work for the very distant future. Good morning."

And Mrs. Dole sailed from the office.

"That means a dangerous enemy in society," thought Mr. Fish, as he turned to his desk to resume his work. "So much for telling the truth."

SECTION FIVE.

THE PROFESSOR.

SECTION V.

The Professor.

The large hall in the rooms of the "Boston Women's Progressive Society" was arranged for a lecture. Ladies of various ages, dressmakers, and social positions entered, removed their wraps and street airs, assumed their intellectual air, greeted each other with extreme sweetness (for phrases see Monsieur Sansfauxpas' "How to be polite"), tried half a dozen chairs before establishing themselves comfortably, and commenced chatting. Later some members of the committee entered, nodding half haughtily, half intimately, to the assembled, retired through a door in back of the hall to the sanctum of women's rights, and reappeared shortly to take their elevated places behind the speaker's desk. A few minutes before the hour appointed for the beginning of the lecture, Mrs. Glitter swept through the centre aisle amid great applause, admiration, and critical sur-

vey, took the president's chair, armed her eyes with a lorgnette, and mustered her amazons. The ladies of the committee conversed with animation, gesticulation, and mutual admiration, until they received word that the lecturer of the day had arrived. After a very hot debate of fifteen and a half minutes, three members of the committee were appointed to meet him. They arranged their bangs, fichus and other female architecture, sailed through the hall stately and dignified, and reappeared after twelve minutes, escorting Professor Wyse to the *tribuna capitolum.* A whispered debate of eight minutes, repeated examination of watches extracted with greatest difficulty from the most impracticable and uncomfortable hiding-places, and precisely fifty-eight minutes after the appointed hour, Mrs. Glitter rose from her chair to address the embryo of America's future parliament.

"Women, friends, sisters! The sacred work we began long ago and have pursued with zeal and success ever since, has assembled us once more for the purpose of taking another step on the ladder of progress (applause). Our aim being to raise the women of Boston to an equal point and equal rights with the other sex (animated applause), and thereby to show New England, the United States, yea, the whole world, that oppressed women *are* the equals of oppressing men (tremendous

applause). To achieve this noble and just work, we must keep up the battle on all lines at the same time, and not neglect one field of modern science and knowledge. Not only women's suffrage, women's rights, women's unions, clubs, and societies must gain a victory everywhere, but we must master the fine arts, music, and literature, as well as the duties of the household and the education of future generations,— this is the only way to complete success. Doubtless one of the most interesting topics of the day is the modern trend of literature, and the question, Idealism or Realism? has become a burning one. Therefore your committee, in the hope of beneficial results, deemed it very important to invite an authority to lecture on the subject, and it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Professor Wyse, the celebrated teacher of literature at Harvard University, who will give us his views on "Realism in Literature and on the Stage."

The professor was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm as he ascended to the speaker's desk, and an expectant silence held the audience as he began his lecture.

REALISM IN LITERATURE AND ON THE STAGE.

Of all the perplexing situations in which fate or hazard have led me, this is the most embarrassing

one. I am to discuss a theme which in itself is very delicate. I am to dissect it before ladies who are not yet intimately acquainted with the views and odors of the dissecting table of the modern literary anatomist; and, last but not least, I am to speak the unvarnished truth!

Did you ever try to speak the truth and nothing but the truth for any length of time? If so, you will sympathize with me! If not, then language is inadequate to picture my embarrassment! I undertook something of the kind a year or so ago in London, when I was asked at a reception to give my views upon the relations of the sexes. I do not know if my dæmon stood behind me, or my conscience awoke from its customary society nap in that most inconvenient moment, but surely something whispered into the ear of my soul, "Give them a piece of your mind!" and I gave it with most frightful results. Lady —— (the name does not matter) said with a refrigerator-smile on her carmine (Lubin No. 3a) lips: "My dear sir, your views upon the relations of the sexes are very interesting, I am sure, and they may be shared by some free-lovers or nihilists, but for propriety's sake, Professer, do not express them in England!" And then Lady Proprietysake gave me an opportunity to study the Greek knot of her *frisur* (12 guineas at 693 Regent Circus), admire the vast

area of her shoulders, covered with nothing but poudre-de-rice, and estimate the length of her train (Worth *facit*) as, like a stage-queen, she left the drawing-room for unknown regions. Some others, or rather many others, in fact *all* others, who were present took advantage of the different doors to disappear, and I was left in the most opportune situation for a soliloquy, which ensued promptly, developing more expressively than classically.

Since this encouraging experience I have preferred either to keep my views for Prof. Wyse, or else to express them in that most convenient phrase-manner stamped with society's "O. K." And most likely my lecture to-day would have been delivered in the same style,—"Wash my skin, but do not wet it" the Germans call it,—if a friend had not arrived last night from Kamtchatka or Van Diemen's Land (I do not know which) for the purpose of losing a thousand-dollar bet by doubting my ability to speak the truth.

So I must and will be truthful, and I feel convinced that the assembled ladies will be very glad to hear my true opinions on realism, although they may differ from their own. I suppose that I received the honoring invitation to address you because I am regarded as one of the champions of realism in this city, and the leaders of your society were fully aware that they were bring-

ing the hawk into the dove-cote. I hope, therefore, that the expression of my views will not have the same embarrassing effect they had in the London drawing-room; and if my words differ from the customary, varnished use of our dear English, I can only say that I shall not step outside of Webster, and beg to remind you of what Apostle Paul wrote a few centuries ago to Titus (i-15), "To the pure, everything is pure."

After this over-long prelude, allow me to drop all conventionality and jesting, and attack our subject directly. Let me give you a sketch of my plan of battle. There being no doubt that realism exists in literature as well as on the stage, it is most necessary to start with a clear understanding and a correct perception of it. Then we must investigate its origin, development, aims, and present state, drawing conclusions as to its desirability and its future state.

Realism is not what it is supposed to be by most of those who judge it either from hearsay or from wrong examples. Realism is not the dirty, vulgar, and wicked, as many please to believe. No, realism is the trend towards truth, and realism in literature and on the stage is the portrait of truth. Not of the truth which philosopher X. or critic Y. proclaims as the truth, not the truth of the idealizer or pessimist, but the truth in its original

self — the truth of nature — *that* truth which ought to govern the world solely.

Realism is as old as humanity, has animated humanity in all its phases, and will exist until the last being is frozen on the ice-covered face of this globe. It may appear for centuries as religious feeling; it may be in the ardent desire for liberty, equality, and fraternity; it may lead in one country to the establishment of laws and rules, which seem to come nearest to the requirements of truth, and it may cause in other nations the wildest revolutions, the overthrow of all the existing order of things, because they do not harmonize with truth. Every new phase of civilization, every change in the ideals and aims of a nation will give it another name and will for a time alter the trail upon which humanity follows the scent of Goddess Truth.

This can easily be proven by the diary of civilized humanity, — literature. Every thinker of the nineteenth century will acknowledge that literature is not the inspirated brain-work of a few talented men, but merely an extract of the sentiments, wishes, and thoughts of the masses reflected through the mirror of individuals who are endowed with the gift of observation and reproduction. History shows this plainly, and a mere glance through the leaves of the world's literature will prove this theory incontestable.

If we investigate into the first literary productions of a people, that is, their religious belief, we find ample proof of it. What is the book of books, the Bible, but a realistic literary reproduction of the thoughts, wishes, and efforts of the Jews? Their attempts to explain credibly the beginning of existence, to relate the history of the development and rise of the race, to establish order and law,—in short, the whole Bible is nothing but a realistic tale of the civilization of the Jewish race, as it pictured itself in the brain of the writers of that time. Or is there amongst this assembly a lady who believes that a superior being dictated to his shorthand-writer Moses, the story of Lot and his daughters in order to set an everlasting example for the chosen people? Or can anyone really believe an interpretation idealizing this very realistic tale of animal vice, caused by drunkeness below beastiality? I can not!

Similar to the Bible we find realism, that is, seeking for truth in true pictures, through the whole of the world's literature. Unfortunately it is too often hidden by other aims or ends, into which the masses and their literary porducers were misled — misled by the degeneration of humanity, or so-called civilization, to call things by other than their proper names. Realism would have governed exclusively long ago in the real

world, and consequently in literature, if civilization had not given it a false stamp, if society of to-day was not the hot-house of lying.

Take for example "society." The word has no longer its proper meaning,—the fellowship of humanity. The conception is so degenerated that it is interpreted as an association of privileged persons who take for themselves the right to dictate autocratic laws regarding social relations, who surround themselves with artificial fences in order to follow a life of their own amid an excluded population, that gets an occasional glimpse of its showy outside through the bars of the railing. This so-called society predominates in the judgment and forming of literature, and this society is, in its majority, blind, deaf, and brain-diseased.

Mind you, they have eyes to see, ears to hear, and brains to reason with, but they are diseased, physically and mentally, to such a degree that they cannot or will not make proper use of their organs. It is so much easier for a weak character to close his eyes to injustice and walk onward in his selfish path; it is so convenient to shut one's ears to the cries of the oppressed, as it may easily happen that one would like others to be deaf to the cries of his victims; it is so pleasant not to reason about all those disagreeable things in life and go on living as unconcerned about misery,

vice, and crime as if they were confined to another planet.

Such is society of to-day, such are the determining circles that encourage or condemn the literature and stage of the nineteenth century. Some people, especially the representatives of society, will deny, ridicule, and condemn this statement, or will say, "That may be correct about Paris or London society, it may be possible in New York, but in Boston — no, never!" But it is not only possible, but a real fact in Boston and New York, as well as in Paris, St. Petersburg, London, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and Madrid; and not only is the metropolis of each country like the others, but the poison has worked its way rapidly into smaller cities and spread throughout the civilized world. Naturally the writers of books and plays try to please, not only the members of society, but also the masses who live thoughtlessly, admiring and copying the fashionable world. The small minority who are disgusted by the modern Sodom and Gomorrah, or do not participate in hypocrisy, have turned their backs to the conventional in literature and on the stage, and seek consolation, either by endeavoring to reform it or in the hope of a revolution.

But in books and on the stage everything is pure, noble, and harmonious, — just an occasional

crime to excite the nerves and bring the villain duly to arrest and punishment,— the rest is conventional, according to old established rules, with only form and details varied here and there. For propriety's sake no burning questions of the day, no talk of equal rights of humanity, no claim for a just sharing of the fruits of labor, no hint of the abolishment of class privileges, not the least disturbance of the prevailing state of affairs. Society says : "We do not want to see all those horrible, dirty things on the stage, or read about them in books ; we do not want to think ! We want to amuse ourselves, to enjoy life as long as we can and as we choose to, and — *apres nous le deluge!*"

I read in the faces of some of my hearers the thought that this picture is overdrawn, that conditions in reality are not as bad as I paint them. Well, ladies, history repeats itself, and if we do not learn a lesson from its leaves, we will have to pay a very high admission price for the spectacle we witness. The downfall of Babylon, Greece, Egypt, Carthage, and Rome, were caused by similar conditions to that of Spain and France, and they have not made civilization wiser. Society of to-day plays a variation of that theme, which commenced in the beginning of the eighteenth century in France, tarantellized almost the whole of Europe and ended with such terrible dishar-

mony on the guillotine and before Moscow. Just a century ago Marie Antoinette, who had covered the park roads with salt, was enjoying a twenty-mile sleigh ride in July, the nobility gambling, drinking, and debauching, the privileged classes sucking the marrow from the bones of the people, and when hordes of starving women and children crowded under the balconies of the palaces crying for bread, vicious society laughed and danced, saying: "Let's be merry, *apres nous le deluge!*" And shortly afterwards those begging and crying women became hyenas, the whole country an abattoir, where not only the oppressed slew his oppressor, but friend slew friend, and brother brother.

This was principally a revolution of the stomach, the people not having been aware that other than stomach questions needed regulation. But now we stand upon a still more dangerous volcano. Not only are the equal rights of humanity denied, the question of satisfying the hungry more pertinent, but the masses are aroused and their eyes opened to the fact that the privileged society not only steals the property of the people to squander in sybaritic life, but also that society is a cover for the vilest immorality, for shameless vice and indescribable crimes. Who *wants* to see, to hear, and to think, must *know* that privileged society

not only lives from the blood and marrow of the masses, but that it sacrifices the daughters and sons of the people upon the altar of lust; that society has neither religion, conscience, nor feelings of justice; that it does not recognize any laws but its own to protect itself in the continuation of a life which must end in a deluge! Such *is* the situation at the dawn of the twentieth century, and if our generation will not listen to the warning of those whose minds are not yet poisoned by degenerated society, we will see a revolution far more terrible in detail and consequences than that of a century ago.

Is it possible yet to prevent it? I believe so. If we listen to the voice of truth, if we reproduce her teachings and disseminate her seed, if we portray life as it is and show to our generation in fiery letters a modern "*Mene, tekel, upharsin,*" we may succeed yet in peacefully changing these terrible conditions into a better state. But this is possible only by strict adherence to truth in every phase, state, and condition of life, because everything must be changed according to the requirements of the truth. Literature and the stage must naturally make the beginning, and realism in literature and on the stage is the banner-bearer of truth.

Wherever realism makes its appearance, it be-

comes the central point of a fierce battle. A few ardent followers gather, eager for a combat, around its flag, many frantic opponents throw sticks, stones, and mud, and the large herd of slaves of habit look on with indifferent or jeering smiles. Some will say: "We do not want real life in books and on the stage; we see enough of it in reality: we want to amuse ourselves when reading and in the theatre." Others will say: "It is dangerous to show in writings all that life produces, because it will teach unknown or hidden things to many who would not be aware of them otherwise!" And still others will remark that the only way to better condititions is to show things as they should be and not as they are, in order to improve and elevate humanity!"

Let us examine both sides of this medal. Literature has used these tactics of hiding, beautifying, and idealizing nature and real life for so many centuries that we know the methods by rote. Take any story or play, dissect and condense it, and you will find the following contents: The writer chooses a historical, classical, or high-life theme at hazard, regardless of whether it represents an ethical idea worth discussing; this theme he will remodel, idealize, stretch, or compound until it is in the desired form. Then comes the creation of characters. A hero, noble, brave, un-

selfish, ready for all kinds of sacrifice and animated by purest platonic love; a heroine, beautiful, chaste, virtuous, sentimental, true to eternity, faithful to her lover notwithstanding all temptations and miraculous happenings; a villain, black whiskers and soul, selfish, heartless, vicious, and criminal; a true, unselfish friend, always ready to help, even with self-sacrifice; a good-natured old man, who gives away millions or dies after making a curious will; the conventional old maid, a comical bachelor, a foolish youngster, and a half-grown maiden, brave soldiers, rascally priests, honest bankers, successful miners, politicians, and speculators, and a number of other well-known types.

All these persons act on the stage and in books in every way and manner except the natural one. They do the most improbable things, they are brought into impossible relations and situations, they come and go, marry and divorce, hate and become reconciled, yea, even die abruptly and all without reason, cause, or logic, just to bring in the desired elongation or the suitable finale. In the fifth act or the twenty-ninth chapter, reward and punishment are meted out, according to the customary rules and regulations: Johnny gets his Kitty, because he said through all the four acts or twenty-eight chapters he didn't care a snap to become king of Tschingiskaija, or to inherit a large

estate and fifty-seven millions in cold cash, or get the appointment as manager of the new patent mosquito-catcher factory; his Kitty is divinely happy because she can now live with her Johnny in a cottage on beans and milk, and walk every night in the moonlight (whether the moon shines or not) while he recites love poems; the villain is either sentenced to death, or banished, or gets at least twenty years in the penitentiary, and most probably a policeman will escort him handcuffed. And the dear, good, wise, just, and sentimental public will either applaud until the kid gloves burst or will exclaim with tears in their eyes: "How beautiful, grand, divine! That serves them right! This *is* a poet! So it *should* be in real life!"

But in real life it is just a trifle different. The maidens are not quite so chaste and pure and simple as they pretend to be, but know the wicked world through tales and experiences in all its details, and arrange their acts accordingly with great diplomacy; the men are either "blase," physical and mental wrecks, or have been "through the mill," and scheme for the most agreeable future. Diogenes could burn all the candles in the United States in his lantern before he would find a real model woman or man—we are all full of inherited or acquired faults. And in real life Johnny does

not get his Kitty; he becomes a dry goods clerk with seven dollars and seventy-seven working hours a week, and Kitty marries that old, stupid, diseased, hypocrite, Tom, because he has an elegant residence, fine carriage, and a villa at Newport; talents starve, unscrupulous politicians or speculators become millionaires; hard-working, skillful laborers live with their freezing families in the miserable tenements of the slums, and lazy, good-for-nothings eat champagne-suppers with fallen women in luxurious palaces.

So look at the two sides of the medal — the one through the spectacles of idealism, romanticism and conventionality, the other through the microscope of realism!

Another point for critical investigation that must not be overlooked is: Do men speak in reality the language which writers make them use in books and on the stage? Do we walk and talk on the cothurn in real life? Do we use rhyme and verse when we talk, eat, drink, love or hate? Never! Even if a youngster strolls for hours around the house of his best girl, and meets her finally on the piazza or behind the coal-shed, he will not use rhymed phrases to express his feelings unless he is crazy! No, we human animals speak just as our tongue grew, we use more or less grammatical, more or less dialetic prose, and

therefore our words and feelings ought to be pictured, in literature and on the stage, in everyday prose language. It might be excused if a poet, inspired by an heroic act, expresses his admiration in rhythmic sounds, but if you want to show us life and truth, give it to us in the garb of reality; in prose!

For the same reason we must respect all attempts to pass upon us the counterfeit of realism, that is, unreality in the garb of truth. There are writers who paint in detail the room, the dress, the habits, and language of their *dramatis personæ*, but the characters are puppets, possible only in the brain of the perspiring desk knight. There are theatrical managers who advertise "realistic plays" because they bring a fire-engine, a tank with real water, a race of real horses, or Roman soldiers in real armor upon the stage, but their plays contain conventional bosh, and the characters are created in the usual impossible fancy-factory. Away with all of it!

That stuff may be good enough for the great herd of thoughtless readers — and even they have already grown tired of it — but whoever has read anything of Turgenieff, Dostoyewski, Tschernishefski, Tolstoi, Balzac, Flaubert, Goncourt, Daudet, Zola, Sudermann, Liliencron, Howells, Garland, Kipling, Gardner, etc., — whoever has

witnessed a play by Ibsen, Sudermann, Wildenbruck, or our first American realistic play, "Margaret Fleming," — is no longer satisfied with conventional "infant-food." Sooner or later — it depends upon the percentage of society poison and reasoning power he possesses — he will become disgusted with the old style of writing and demand realism!

What is it that characterizes realism in literature? Allow me to answer by quoting a definition from a lately published magazine article, which I cannot improve: —

"Objective realism consists in portraying nature just as it is, without "arranging," without adding or subtracting. Real nature is the sole truth and the sole subject for artistic representation. The eternal, unalterable law of nature is the spirit which animates realism. Therefore the realist does not recognize degrees in artistic themes. To him the death of a hero is not more worthy of representation than the labor pains of an animal, because the same omnipotent law of nature is incarnate in both.

"This law peremptorily forbids the realist to idealize nature, to beautify or correct it according to his fancies. All mythological or allegorical figures are strictly prohibited, because they are nothing but distortions. Whatever nature pro-

duces is equally beautiful in the eyes of the realist, and nothing is offensive to him, since it is regarded and represented only as the necessary product of a necessary development; only the fantastical caricature is reprehensible, because it cotradicts the possibility of nature.

The obligatory honesty in his comprehension of nature forces the realist to cast aside the conception of love as it was in previous literature. Until now love has been considered the first and predominant of all psychological motives directing the actions of men. The analysis of this love showed a mixture of sentimentality, unselfishness, platonism, and longing for an ideal companion for stricty platonic purposes. This was falsification of nature.

In the eyes of the realist, love is sensuality, sexuality, or, to use the proper term of physical science, natural selection. Therefore the realist does not give to love more importance than it occupies in reality. Love no more predominates all other motives, but has to share its importance with hunger, or the instinct of self-preservation, heredity, and adaptation, or influence of education, habit, and intercourse. Regarded as a passion, love is not classified as a higher psychic motive than other passions, such as egotism, ambition, pride, race feeling, or pity.

Thus seeing love from an entirely different point of view, the realist portrays it accurately, even if his picture does not harmonize with the customary views of morality, and if his natural description shocks the nerves of the prude, it is a proof that they are not sound. Realism would deserve to be scorned if it displayed the immoral or the disagreeable as the highest aim. But we see prevailing in all creations of realistic authors a demand for truth, purity, chastity, self-knowledge and justice, sometimes even in a too obtrusive rhetorism. And yet realism is abused, slandered, jeered, yea, often proscribed. How ridiculous! Would we not smile at an elderly coquette who smashed the mirror because it reflects not only her brilliant eyes and her Grecian nose, but also the wrinkles in her face and her gray hair?

Let us dissect what shocks the reader when he reads for the first time a realistic book, or witnesses a realistic play, and see whether he has a right to declare realism immoral. In "Sodom's Ende," we see the painter Janikoff coming from a "swell" party to the humble home of his parents; from a feast of the "upper ten," whose spoiled pet he is, he steps, physically and mentally intoxicated, into the pure air of his home. Adjoining his room lives a poor, chaste girl who idolizes him; we hear his soliloquy describing his beastly desire to

possess that maiden; we see him break into her room and we hear her doleful cry. The sentimental idealist will find that "shocking," but the same indignant knight of morality takes no exception to the alluring of an innocent girl, the drugging of her mother, the seduction of Gretchen, the base passion of a voluptuary, this whole apotheosis of sensuality in Goethe's "Faust," because this, you know, is model classicism.

Zola describes in "L'Assomoir" the first impression of the eight-year-old Nana, when she sees her mother exchange at night-time the bed of her husband for that of a boarder, and bases in a masterly manner upon this psychological motive the whole future career of Nana as a wanton. The very virtuous idealist cries, "Horrible!" but he forgets that the city he lives in passes over silently, or even accepts taxes from houses of ill-fame which are crowded with Nanas, and he applauds a similar Nana when he sees her on the stage in Dumas' glorifying drapery as "Dame aux Camelias."

Kretzer has shown in a master-picture of Berlin-life how a weak character sinks through drink, step by step, until we see him weltering in the gutter. The sensitive reader finds this disgusting, but he had roared and applauded when a similar drunkard was the object of a splendid

joke of his lordship in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." *Sapienti sat.*

All depends upon how things are brought before the public, and because the realistic writer chooses to avoid the conventional manner, because he shows facts in their true light, his photographs are condemned. In fact he has but touched the button of the camera and finished the negative; of course he selected the subject for reproduction, and this selection is the point of gravity for the reform of literature.

The realistic writer must be imbued with the sacred mission of truth, and possess the necessary strength of character to be her apostle. He must be gifted with a fine ear, a sharp eye, an exquisite sensitiveness, and the courage to call a broom a broom, in order to separate truth from imagination. He is obliged to seek humanity in all its classes and phases; he must feel its pulse from the first cry of the babe to the last sigh of the dying man; he must investigate its nature, surroundings, influences, developments, crises; he must study the laws of nature, governing its every crisis, and finally he must portray everything exactly as he has found it.

Not necessarily must the realist stoop to pick his subjects from the gutter and paint in loathsome details the most horrible disgusting pictures of

misery, vice, and crime, but wherever they are the characteristics of individuals, classes or of society at large, it is the bounden duty of the realist, not to pass by with closed eyes, but to give them the consideration and the place they are entitled to.

That in our modern realistic writings wickedness and criminality abound, has its cause in the fact that they exist in reality, and therefore must naturally dominate in literature. The former practice of improving the conditions of society by picturing in literature "how it should be," was a total failure. Mind-cure has not proved successful yet in building up the character and preventing sin. The physician must make a diagnosis before he uses his knife or prescribes medicine. In the same manner humanity must first recognize its faults, diseases, and dangers, before we can prescribe a remedy, and this recognition is only possible by picturing the evils according to truth, and proving that they exist.

Hundreds, thousands, millions, have tried for æons of years to solve this problem, as our present conditions teach us, without success. The philosophy of ancient as well as modern times, religious reformations, social revolutions and wars, various theories of numerous thinkers, socialism, anarchism, nihilism, nationalism, and other isms, and last, but not least, women, have brought for-

ward their panacea for the salvation of humanity in vain, because they looked for the evil in the wrong direction, because they never found its root.

The cause of all our rotten modern conditions is the fact that our existence is based upon nothing but lies, and that the tree, life, is planted in the quicksand, hypocrisy. Remove it, give the roots new, healthy, natural and real loam for nourishment, and you will see the tree strengthen and grow anew, you will witness its flourishing and fruit-bearing as a blessing for yourself and for coming generations.

Especially to you, cultured women of cultured Boston, I address myself; to you, the mothers and framers of the future citizens of Modern Athens, I appeal when I attempt to point out evil and remedy. Do not let it suffice to fight for women's suffrage; do not make your aim mere equality before the law, by which you can only gain the privilege of rightless men who are mightless! Nature has destined you to a higher, a nobler purpose,—to be mothers!

Be mothers in the true, noble, dignified, sense of the word; such mothers as we men worship and idolize above everything; bringing up your sons and daughters to be and to create worthy members of society! Instead of fighting for impossi-

ble or sham aims, choose for a war-cry, "The *moral* equality of the sexes!"

Refuse to associate with men who debase themselves below the animal, refuse to marry them, and make your daughters and sisters refuse them, refuse to live with them when they treat you in a manner which they would not allow you to treat them. This is the only way to create new, sound conditions, new generations worthy of existence.

Only if truth is established in the first and most important relations of humanity, can we expect truth to reign throughout the world. But truth can never be known if we do not point out, fearlessly and openly, the lies. This problem, realism only can solve, and therefore we should greet realism as the messiah of humanity!

All honest men and women ought to combine to achieve that grandest of all great aims, — the reign of truth! Cast aside all private interests, abolish all individual exertions, break the barriers which separate brethren and sisters by conventional fences of religion, politics, or language, demolish the artificial wall of unjust society laws, crush all those who trample under foot the rights of humanity and the reign of truth, burn the castles of hypocrisy and lies, and found upon the ruins of this spiritual revolution the temple of TRUTH, whose high priest is REALISM!"

Throughout the lecture hardly a sound other than the voice of the speaker broke the silence of the room. After some of the frank statements of the professor, looks of amazement and even of horror were exchanged. Mrs. Glitter's expression seemed to say, "Jove, crush him, who profanes this sanctuary!" As the lecturer resumed his chair a sigh and a rustling of skirts rippled over the assembly, but not one glove beat its mate in approval. There was a look of censorious reproof and lofty pity upon all faces.

Mrs. Glitter gave expression to the general feeling when she — after rapping with her silver gavel, (inscribed "To the champion of down-trodden womanhood from her sister-sufferers,") — arose and said: "Ladies! I cannot find words to express my grief at what has occurred. Your committee is blameless. When we invited the speaker to address you, we deemed him fully in sympathy with our movement and expected of him appreciation of the delicacy of woman's mind. He has disappointed us in every respect, and regretfully I open the usual debate."

A chorus of altos and sopranos (percentage 15 : 1) vociferated (*indignanto condemnabile crescendissimo*): "Mrs. President!" As rapidly as Mrs. Glitter could name the ladies favored with her autocratic permission to speak officially, a peleton of

accusations thundered upon the unfortunate victim in the speaker's chair and numberless guerillas bombarded him with unauthorized grenades.

"It is sacrilegious to speak as he did of the Bible."

"How vulgar to quote the vice of Lot."

"Impudence to call society blind, deaf, and diseased."

"The disease is in *his* brain."

"*Apres nous le deluge*?—Ridiculous!"

Mrs. Prudhomme finally caught the attention of the assembly with her trumpet tones.

"I must indignantly protest against not only the idea but the manner in which he praised to the sky and quoted with delight the filthy products of vulgar minds and dared to call them literature preferable to the immortal works of Shakespeare."

"Declaiming against lies and proclaiming immorality as truth!"

"He would like to see the Zola-Ibsen coterie govern the world."

"Has woman no higher mission than to bear children?"

"Have not women distinguished themselves in every field of work?"

"How about our authoressess, paintresses, reportresses, editresses, ministresses, architec-

tresses, lawyeresses, doctresses and 'esses' in all branches of modern occupations?"

Another lady succeeded in monopolizing the ears of the assembly for a while. With fierce indignation she declaimed the catalogue of her grievances: "Never before have these walls suffered the degradation of re-echoing such impudent accusations. With sophistic fineness this man tries to cast our highest ambitions into the mire, tells us to surrender our most potent weapons, and tries to hoodwink us with the hackneyed phrase 'that our noblest aim should be for moral equality with men.'" Ridiculous! If we sink ourselves to man's level, we may as well proclaim free love. Or if, on the other hand, we hold ourselves aloof from men, according to his advice, it would result in the depopulation of the world. He points out evil and remedy, but his remedy is worse than the evil."

After the tremendous applause which greeted these remarks had subsided, Mrs. Glitter asked Prof. Wyse, ironically, if he wished to reply. He rose amid hisses and said coolly: —

"I shall not attempt to answer what I have heard. I have not expressed my views with the hope of making converts or gaining applause, and I do not question the right of anyone to differ with me. As to the way my words have been

taken, I can only repeat the quotation from St. Paul, "To the pure, everything is pure!"

The ladies leaving their seats formed in groups, talking and gesticulating excitedly, and Mrs. Glitter had to use her gavel vigorously in order to restore quiet for her closing words.

"There is very little more to be said at this meeting. The affair seems to me to be of great importance. It is not a question of insult to ourselves, but of the qualification of Prof. Wyse as a lecturer and teacher. The danger of having our sons and brothers educated by a man with such principles is obvious, and requires serious consideration and energetic action. I am sure I speak the mind of all present when I propose that we pledge ourselves to use every means in our power to have Prof. Wyse removed from his post of instructor at Harvard, and to close to him every school and lecture-room in the country. I declare the meeting adjourned.

So ended this most memorable meeting of the B. W. P. S.

THE LAWYER.

SECTION VI.

The Lawyer.

When Mr. Howard Gay entered his office, at an unusually early hour, he found Mr. Earle Golden awaiting him and passing the time by trying to start a flirtation with the lawyer's pretty typewriter girl. After an exchange of polite greetings, Gay led his client into a formidable looking inner sanctum of the law, which gathered an air of legal solemnity from numerous volumes of state legislature reports, tin boxes, and files of papers that filled the shelves.

"Gay," said Golden, as they seated themselves, "I've got the biggest case for you I have ever had."

"Very well; I am at your service."

"I want a divorce."

"A divorce? Why? On what grounds?"

"Adultery."

"You do not mean to tell me that Mrs. Golden ——"

"But I do."

"What proof have you? I can hardly believe it of her."

"Listen and you shall see I have unquestionable proof."

"Go on."

"For some time I've had suspicions. Young Thayer had been altogether too frequent a caller at my house, and I knew he did not come to see me, there is altogether too strong a mutual dislike between us to admit of such a supposition for a moment. I watched them closely, but they were too sly for me. Finally I employed a detective, who traced them to a hotel, broke into the room they were occupying, and made my suspicion a certainty."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the lawyer, "this is altogether too bad; such a nice little lady, too."

"Such is life," said Golden, easily. "I suppose there is no doubt that I can get a divorce."

"Not the slightest, with such proof as you describe."

"Then you had better take immediate steps."

"Very well. I will see Mrs. Golden as soon as possible."

"What for?"

"Surely you don't wish to make this matter any more public than is absolutely necessary?"

"Well, I hadn't given that much thought. I really don't care how it is managed if it is done quickly."

"Then I will see Mrs. Golden, get her consent to a separation, and manage the whole thing quietly."

"No, that isn't what I'm after. I don't want to arrange a separation. I want an absolute divorce on grounds of adultery."

"But you certainly do not wish to force the woman who has borne your name to public shame."

"I don't care. She has sinned against me; let her bear her sin as best she can. I shall certainly not cloak it for her."

"Think of the matter from her standpoint. You keep a mistress. We all know about Lulu; you have been seen driving with her in broad daylight, and some knowledge of it may have reached your wife. She may think — and justly — that she has sinned no more against you than you have against her."

"I don't deny Lulu, but that's quite another thing."

"How so?"

"Because a husband can use a little money

judiciously and straighten up affairs. He can end things at any time, but his wife's incontinence might have consequences. She might give him some other man's brat to bring up and support and supply with his name."

"That is true, according to our present miserable social conditions, but morally the crime is the same on both sides. The husband is, if anything, the worse criminal, because he not only ruins his mistress, but he also brands his illegitimate offspring as bastards."

"What do I care for your social and moral problems?" said Golden, roughly; "I want a divorce, not a sermon."

"Do you want to marry Lulu?"

"Marry Lulu? What do you take me for?"

"Then why won't you let me arrange a quiet and amicable separation?"

"I want to get rid of my wife without having to pay her alimony."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lawyer, scornfully, "that means you want to cheat her twice, and want me to help you."

"That's a pleasant way of putting it. However, do as I say and you can name your own price."

"No price would pay me for such an injustice."

"You forget the notoriety that such a case, from the social circle in which we move, is sure to win

for you as counsel for the prosecution, and the probable increase of practice that will follow."

"And you forget, sir," said Gay, "that I am an honest man."

"Oh, if you look at it in that way ——"

"I do."

"That settles it. A puritanical lawyer is something of a curiosity, but hardly a suitable legal adviser. You're a sort of a Roundhead, and as my sympathy is with the Cavaliers, you will not be troubled further by me, neither in this matter nor any other." And Mr. Golden left the office.

"Experience number one," growled Gay, when he was alone. "I wonder if all my experiments in the Rust social theory will be as pleasant."

"Ah, Blackmar," said Gay, cordially, somewhat later in the day, as he rose to grasp the hand of another caller, "have a chair."

"Thanks," said Blackmar, seating himself, "how do our affairs progress with you?"

"Quite well. Collections are coming in right along, and as for the suit with Willis, he offers a settlement and I have referred him to you."

"Good!" ejaculated Blackmar, "I want that matter done with."

"My copyist is making out a statement of your firm's business now in my hands, which will give

you a better idea of how it stands than I can. I'll just hurry her."

"Never mind," said Blackmar, restraining the lawyer as he was about to call his copyist, "I want to talk to you of something else. You can send the statement when it is ready."

"Very well."

"You remember the firm of Bruno & Co., don't you, Gay?"

"Yes. You mean the house I have such large collections to make from?"

"Exactly. You can't get anything from them, I suppose?"

"I haven't been able to, but I have threatened them with a suit, and unless I hear from them in the course of the day I shall make an attachment."

"H'm! Bruno called upon me this morning," said Blackmar.

"Indeed! What does he propose?" asked the lawyer.

"He wants more credit."

Gay laughed.

"And I think I'll give it to him."

"You will?" cried Gay, in astonishment. "Are you mad?"

"No. Quite sane, my dear fellow. The fact is, Bruno is going to fail."

"That's obvious."

"And knowing this, I am quite anxious to get my own out of the smash."

"Naturally."

"He says this attachment you threaten will upset all his plans if it comes now."

"Let him settle, then."

"Just what I told him, and he made me a proposition I want you to look into."

"Yes?"

"He tells me he owns the business block he occupies free and clear."

"So he does. That is what I meant to attach."

"The property is worth twenty thousand, at a moderate estimate, I should say."

"Fully that."

"And he owes us between twelve and thirteen thousand."

"Yes."

"Well, he offers me a first mortgage on the property for twenty thousand, to settle all back accounts and give him six thousand dollars' worth of goods. Now I want you to make out the mortgage at once. I will bring him here in an hour and sign the papers. You had better date the deeds back a few weeks."

"I can't do it, Blackmar."

"Well, it doesn't matter; date 'em to-day, then.

"He'll keep above water some time yet on that six thousand."

The lawyer drummed nervously upon his desk. Here was one of his very best clients, a man whose patronage was most valuable, asking him to do that which his pledge forbade. After a moment's struggle he said: —

"I can't accept the commission, Blackmar, much as I would like to serve you."

"Why not?"

"Because its — fraud."

"Mr. Gay!"

"That is the plain, unvarnished name for it, Blackmar. If you attach Bruno's property now, there will follow immediately numerous attachments from other creditors, and the man will fail at once. Then the property will be equitably divided among all. If, however, you do as you propose, he will obtain further credit and involve more people in his fall."

"But, my dear man, I will get my own."

"Pardon me, but you will not; you will get someone else's, for this mortgage will diminish his assets by just the amount of its face and leave the other creditors so much less to cover their losses, to say nothing of what it may do to increase his ability to borrow more. This fellow is, according to his own confession to you, a rascal, and he pro-

poses to make you a partner in his fraud. You are a man of too high a business standing, too honorable a reputation, to enter into the scheme. To have it known that you have participated in such a trick would harm you more than the sum you recover is worth."

"Stuff and nonsense! Such transactions are put through every day."

"Maybe; but they are none the less dishonest."

"Look here Gay, these are nasty words you are using."

"I am speaking the truth."

"Well, now you've spoken I hope you feel better for it. My mind is made up as to the course I shall pursue. I'd be an ass to run the risk of loseing thirteen thousand dollars for the sake of conscientious scruples, and I don't mean to pay any such price for them. I'm going to take this mortgage, so say no more about it, but make it out."

"I—I must decline to do so, Mr. Blackmar."

"You must? Well, I'll find someone who isn't so delicate, and—as you are making out our statement, just send your bill with it, and we'll settle things up to date. Take no steps in the business of our firm until further notice. Good morning."

"Good morning."

A third caller had been impatiently waiting for

some minutes in the outer room, and no sooner had Blackmar fairly left the office than Mr. George Curtis entered. "Good morning, Mr Gay," he exclaimed, nervously.

"My dear George," said Gay, "what brings you here at such an early hour?"

"Here's a note from father," replied young Curtis, "that will explain the whole business."

The lawyer took the note and read: —

My Dear Gay — I send you my fool of a boy who has got himself into a mess with a woman. Get him out of it. See the girl and compromise the matter. Offer her a good round sum, cash down, or an annuity, as she pleases. You can judge how much when you have had an interview with her. I leave it entirely in your hands.

Yours truly,

Henry Curtis.

"Well, George, what kind of an entanglement have you got yourself into with this woman? Is it a blackmailing scheme?"

"No! no! Josie's too decent a girl to play a dirty trick."

"Tell me the whole story."

"She's the daughter of the engineer in father's mill, — works there herself doing something or other. An awful pretty girl with good manners, but, in fact, not — not educated, you know."

"Your social inferior. I see. Go on."

"Well, I was sort of — attracted by her, you know, and paid her considerable attention. We were a spoony sort of couple, and from imaginary love-making we were drawn into the real thing."

"And now?"

"Well, there will be a child before long, and I don't know just how to fix matters. When I told father of it he called me a fool — I suppose he was right — and said if I brought him a factory-hand for a daughter-in-law, he'd disown me."

"H'm!" ejaculated Gay; "suppose he did?"

"Why, I don't know what would become of me; I couldn't make a living. You see, father's brought me up as a gentleman, and I've been taught classics and archæology, and that sort of thing, but nothing practical; nothing that will enable me to do for myself. I'm as dependent upon him as an infant is upon its mother."

"How long have you been conscious of this dependence?"

"Ever so long."

"Before you met Miss — Josie?"

"Yes, indeed; long before."

"And yet," said the lawyer, "knowing yourself to be an utterly useless member of society, a drone in the hive, you, nevertheless, did not hesitate to blight this girl, a worker, for the gratification of a momentary enjoyment."

"I—I didn't think," stammered the young man.

"Of course you didn't. If you don't use your hands for the purpose they are given, how can you be expected to make use of your brain? You want my advice; here it is: Wake up, reform, don't be a silly, useless, shallow, mischief-making dude any longer. Be a man and start in by doing your duty by this girl."

"But my father will——"

"Why, you big baby! Must you wait with mouth agape until papa comes along and puts the nursing bottle between your lips? He isn't going to be here forever to feed you. What will you do when he is gone? Are you waiting for dead men's shoes? There's plenty more milk in the old cow—enough for everybody. Go ahead, like a man, and learn to milk her for yourself. Never mind if she does kick over the bucket a few times; that happens to us all. If you go in with a will, you're bound to succeed."

"Yes," assented Curtis, "but—but don't you see, there's my folks—our social standing——"

"What of it? Were all the ancestral Curtises so solicitous about their pedigree?"

"No, but my people would be so angry—so—so——"

"Why the devil didn't you think of that before

it became your moral obligation to marry her?" asked the lawyer.

Curtis looked foolish and twirled his thumbs.

"You ask my advice," continued Gay. "The counsel of every honest man would be, Do your duty. Think! if you do not marry this girl she will be shamed, ostracized, ruined; your child will carry through life the brand of illegitimacy, and your conscience — will it ever be at rest?"

"I — I can't think of marrying her," said Curtis, desperately, "and there's no use of talking about it. I — I want to settle it some other way; that's why I came to you. Can't you offer her some money — buy her off, you know." The young man spoke with a flushed face, avoiding the eye of the lawyer.

"What should you call a fair quotation for virtue, according to the latest market prices?" inquired Gay, sarcastically.

"What do you mean?"

"Why do you come to me at all? Why don't you or your father go to this girl and try to buy her off yourselves. What need of an outside party?"

"Why — I — I shouldn't like to myself, and father won't," stammered Curtis.

"And so you come to me with your dirty work. It is not in my line, thank you; I cannot under-

take anything of the sort. My profession is the law, not arbitrating seductions."

"Who — who — then will ——"

"Let me recommend a minister or a justice of the peace. Good morning."

Without another word, with bowed head and crestfallen mien, the young man left the office.

"My pledge seems to bring me only unpleasant clients and experiences. Miserable young scamp!" thought Gay, "I suppose I have lost his father's patronage by telling him the truth, but I would do it again. I can afford to be independent with almost any client, heaven be thanked!"

He took up a bundle of papers and began poring over them, but was shortly interrupted by the entrance of a clerk.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Gay, but it's ten o'clock. You are to defend Armstrong in that larceny case this morning."

"You're right; I had almost forgotten. Call a cab at once; I must hasten or I will be late."

Gay entered the court-room a few moments later, to find it filled with an unusually large number of spectators waiting to hear the pleas in his case, which was exciting no little interest.

Hardly had he taken his seat before the sheriff cried, "the Court!" and all the officials and lawyers rose to their feet as the judge took his seat.

After the usual preliminaries of opening the court, and the postponement and changing of some cases on the docket, the case was called.

All the witnesses having been on the stand — the defendant having been examined and cross-examined the day before — the attorney for defence rose to plead.

"May it please the Court and Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Jury: —

"The task of an attorney before a jury has become a most unpleasant and ungrateful one. There are only two possibilities: The attorney can state facts which are as well known to the jury as to himself, and from them draw conclusions which, most likely, the intelligent jury have drawn already for themselves, in which case the jury and the attorney are of the same opinion, and his work is quite superfluous. On the other hand, if the opinion of the jury and the attorney differ, he will try in vain to overthrow the conclusions which they have formed. I must exclude other possibilities, such as the old tricks of bringing out sophistical points or working upon the sentimentality and the lachrymal glands of the gentlemen of the jury, in order to influence them to a favorable verdict. I must exclude these improper practices, not only because I think that they have been too often tried, not only because I

believe that an intelligent jury of the Modern Athens cannot be caught by them, but because I am under a pledge to adhere strictly to the truth. My argument in this case is therefore limited to a statement of the facts, and to throwing the true light upon causes and consequences.

Frederick Armstrong, the defendant, was stock clerk with the firm of Bugbee & Co.; was on duty daily from seven to twelve, from one to seven, and sometimes eight or nine o'clock in the evening; had under his charge a stock of silk goods valued at from forty thousand dollars to two hundred thousand dollars, and received a weekly salary of twelve dollars. He was in the employ of the firm for four years, after having served other houses to their unqualified satisfaction.

His employers had unlimited confidence in him, and the keeping of the large stock, which increased annually, was entirely under his charge. When some of the goods disappeared last summer without any one being able to account for them, he applied for an assistant, stating that the increase of work made it impossible for him to properly fulfill his duties. He was told that the firm could not afford to give him an assistant, that he was entirely responsible for the stock, and that if he could not do the work the firm would find another man. A piece of silk disappearing again, Armstrong, fear-

ing to lose his position, replaced it by sacrificing his little savings.

Last fall his wife and child were taken sick, and the expenses of physician, drugs, and nurse, fell heavily upon the poorly paid clerk. Stating his case to his employers, he applied for an increase of salary, which was refused. He fell deeply in debt. Again some goods disappeared. Armstrong, who was paying a weekly rate to his creditors, had barely sufficient left to keep his family from starvation, and could not borrow money to replace the missing goods. He falsified his stock account.

Gentlemen of the jury, would you, would anyone, who is able to put himself in the place of Armstrong, dare to throw the first stone at the poor, worried, tortured, despairing, clerk, who worked daily twelve hours for twelve dollars salary, and whose only recreation was the company of his haggard hungry wife and child?

It would require superhuman eloquence to adequately describe to you what this man, who had lived until then a life of strictest integrity, suffered from the pangs of conscience. He lengthend his working hours, he was ever on the alert, he increased to the utmost his attention and supervision for fear of another loss. Again he applied for assistance; again he was refused. At last, by chance, he discovered a porter, one John Finley,

making off with a parcel of goods. Implored by the thief not to ruin his family, he was satisfied with the restitution of the stolen goods and remained silent. Some days later he was joined on his way home by Finley, who spoke of their hard work, long hours, and meagre pay, remarking that it was no sin to take the pay that was their just due, and that there were many safe ways to dispose of goods without fear of detection. Indignantly Armstrong refused to listen, indignantly he declined repeatedly thereafter the company of Finley, and although the temptation occupied his mind in many sleepless hours, he resisted.

When the Christmas chimes of eighteen hundred and ninety called Boston's happy children under the mistletoe, Armstrong walked, after fourteen hours' work, to his poor home in South Boston, and with Merry Christmas ringing in his ears, entered his bare room to find his child dead. The long, long Christmas day he spent consoling his sobbing wife, tearless himself. He thought of the funeral expenses, of the fact that there was no food, no fuel, no warm cloak for his wife, no overcoat for himself. He could not cry, he could but envy the little one, could only torture his brain thinking how to make his wife a little more comfortable,— that noble woman who had shared with him so little joy, so much sorrow and trouble.

When, after the funeral, for which he had paid with money obtained by pawning the child's christening presents, he was approached again by Finley, he did not answer; he simply nodded. That afternoon when Finley carried off some pieces of silk, he looked away, and as Finley handed him the next day a roll of greenbacks, he shivered as he jammed them into his pocket. From that day Finley carried off many a piece of goods of which there was no account in Armstrong's books, and one day Finley disappeared himself, after having disposed of a large number of valuable silks without sharing with Armstrong, and shortly afterwards came the detection. Armstrong was arrested, accused of larceny and now awaits your verdict.

Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the true story of the crime from me, and you will form your opinion. Allow me to ask you a number of questions before you retire to consider your verdict.

Is this a crime? Is it a crime if a poor clerk, overworked because we have not a society for prevention of cruelty to human beings, overburdened with responsibility too great for any man to bear, paid with starvation wages, tortured by grief, frenzied by trouble, ceaselessly tempted by a human devil,—is it a crime if that poor clerk stumbles into

dishonesty? I say, no! And even if it is a crime, who is the criminal? Is it the clerk who was overworked, underpaid, denied assistance, refused an advance in salary, who had to make up losses for his rich employers by sacrificing the life of his family? Or is it the employer who extorts the very marrow from the bones of his slaves, tosses them a pittance in return and demands the honesty of an angel, the responsibility of a giant, and the ability of a genius? Or is it the man, the unscrupulous scoundrel, who buys through the back door from employees of a firm, and leads them thereby to dishonesty which would be otherwise impossible? Or is it our laws, which compel Armstrong, and not Finley, Bugbee, and the receiver of the stolen goods, to sit in that criminal dock? Or is it society, is it you and I, who allow such laws to exist, instead of rising against shameful injustice? Or is it the jury system which permits twelve men, after listening to a few one-sided witnesses, to the remarks of a prejudiced district attorney, an unconcerned ex-officio attorney, and a hardened judge, to retire for a few moments to return a verdict which decides the life of a man; no, not only of a man, but of a family, of future generations?

Have you, has a judge, have I, has any man in this world, the right to judge the actions of an-

other without being able to put himself in his place?

"Gentlemen of the jury, if you will use your retirement to answer these questions to yourselves, Frederick Armstrong will be a free man in an hour."

Gay resumed his seat amid a dead silence; not only the jury, but also the audience, the judge and police were dumbfounded at his bold attack. Gradually a murmur arose, increasing to a clamor of voices, which had to be checked by a call for order, when the district attorney arose to make his plea. He attacked Gay fiercely for, as he called it, preaching anarchy, put Armstrong's crime in the worst possible light, and closed with a strong appeal to the jury that if the homes, property, and lives of the citizens of the commonwealth were to be protected in future, this man Armstrong must be convicted. The judge charged the jury, and the jury retired.

Gay's fellow practitioners who were present, overwhelmed him with a volley of ridicule and reproach, which he took in a half embarrassed, half independent manner.

The jury returned, after a very short time, with a verdict of "Guilty on every count."

Gay jumped to his feet and cried, "Your Honor, I protest that——"

"Mr. Gay," said the judge, sternly, "The Court has been over lenient toward you in permitting you to preach anarchy instead of law. Another word and I will commit you for contempt of court."

Without waiting for further proceedings, Gay left the court room.

THE POLITICIAN.

SECTION VII.

The Politician.

The Hon. Thomas Browne was seated at his desk in his office, busy with a formidable pile of correspondence regarding the approaching election, for which he had been renominated by the Republicrat Party. He was interrupted before his work was well started by the unceremonious entrance of three men. The leader, a flashily dressed fellow, displayed a large amount of cheap jewelry, and half smoked, half chewed, a big, unwholesome-looking cigar. His companions, rough, shabby-looking fellows, slouched in behind him, peering over his shoulders and leaving a muddy outline of their boots wherever they stepped. The faces of all three were marked with an expression of low cunning.

Browne rose to meet them, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, be seated"; then, turning to the leader, "This is Mr. Mulloney, I presume?"

"Tim Mulloney, at yer service, sor," replied the man, "an' these is the gintlemin who runs ward nointeen an' twinty, Casey an' Fitzpatrick. We wants a bit av a talk wid ye."

"Very good," said Browne; "go ahead."

The trio seated themselves comfortably, and Mulloney continued: "Ye've heard tell o' me before?"

"I'll be bound he has that!" exclaimed Casey.

"Yes," replied Browne.

"These fellers," said Mulloney, indicating his companions with a jerk of his thumb, "has jist as big a pull as me. Now you know well th' by's has raison to complain av th' Republicrats this terrm, an' that's w'y ye sees us here."

"Thrue fer yer, Mul, me b'y," interjected Fitzpatrick.

"Hould yer whisht, Fitz! I'm talkin'," commanded Mulloney. Turning to Brown, he resumed: "We have nothin' agin you at all, at all, Browne, undtherstand that from th' shtart; an' we're willin' to give yez our votes provided ye wants 'em bad enough."

"Pro—vided ye wants 'em bad enough," echoed Casey, approvingly.

"Hould your whisht, Casey! I'm talkin'," said Mulloney.

"I want every vote I can get, gentlemen," replied Browne."

"An' we're the by's can give 'em t'ye," cried Fitzpatrick, banging one big fist into another.

"Hould yer whisht, Fitz! I'm talkin'," repeated Mulloney, with a scowl. "Well, sor," he continued, to Browne, "you gits ivery vote in 'th wards if we say so; an' if *you* say so, *we* say so. See?"

"If I say so, eh? What does that mean I have got to do?"

"Now ye'r talkin', begorra!" ejaculated Casey.

"Hould yer whisht, Casey! I'm talkin'."

"Lave him be, Casey," expostulated Fitzpatrick, "he's doin' all roight."

"Don't *you* be tellin' me what to do," retorted Casey.

"Use some sinse thin," said Fitzpatrick, contemptuously.

"I'll not be gettin' sinses from the likes av you," answered Fitzpatrick, with a pugnacious look.

"Begorra! You'll niver be gittin 'sinses at all, at all!"

"Hould yer whisht, the both o' yez!" commanded Mulloney imperiously, "I'm talkin'." Having once more quieted his followers, Mulloney relighted the stump of his cigar and continued: "The by's vote how we tells 'em, an' we tells 'em how is best

for 'em. That's w'y we're here, t' see 'f you're goin' t' do th' roight thing, see?"

"That's the talk, Mul," whispered Casey approvingly.

"Lave him be, Casey," growled Fitzpatrick.

"I'll not be lavin' *you* be if ye don't kape still."

"Hould yer whisht, both av yez, I'm talkin'."

The disputants subsided once more.

"They's to be a campaign fund, av coorse?" queried Mulloney.

"Certainly," replied Browne, "do you want some printing?"

"Printin'!" scornfully echoed Mulloney, "w'at fer? We aint got no bundles to be doin' up. We wants to use th' cash. Gimme foive hundhred dollars ter trate th' b'ys wid at me saloon, fer a shtarther."

"An' git me a place as boss, in th' sewer department."

"An' me in th' new coort-house."

"An' back my brodher fer 'th common-council."

"An' git me b'y Pat a job in th' shtreet clanin' department."

"An' me girrl, Mary Ann, writin' in de mayor's office."

"An' stick up fer th' Irish."

"An' vote fer closin' all th' stores on Patrick's day."

"An' hangin' th' green flag on City Hall."

"An' git us aich a soft snap. That's all we want."

"That's all," chorused his companions.

"That's all?" repeated Browne, "how modest! In short, gentlemen, you wish me to buy the votes you control."

"Supposin' we do?"

"An what thin?"

"Who's to prevint?"

"The first principle of the Republicrat party," said Browne, is that citizens should vote as they think, and not be led to the polls like oxen."

"Huh?" ejaculated Mulloney. "Shure we do's th' thinkin' fer 'em."

"That is a side of politics which I cannot countenance."

"Hey?" questioned Casey.

"D'ye mane ye don't want us?"

"I shall be glad if I get your votes, gentlemen, but because I believe in a pure ballot, I cannot buy them."

"Thin ye won't make no bargain?" asked Fitzpatrick in a tone of surprise.

"No, sir."

"Hut, tut!" exclaimed Casey; "an' ye think ye can git along widout us?"

"I shall try to."

"An' that's all ye have ter say?"

"That is all."

"Thin ye lose th' 'lection," said Mulloney, positively.

"That remains to be seen."

"Come on, b'ys," continued Mulloney, rising from his chair, "they's no use talkin' here no more. We got ter see th' other feller."

The trio gravely filed out of the room. Fitzpatrick, as he stood upon the threshold, turned for a last astonished look at Browne and muttered, "Be Jabers! He's a big fool!"

"Fool, eh?" muttered Browne, rubbing his chin thoughtfully as he gazed after his retreating callers; "that's what we all thought Rust was, but I'm beginning to feel convinced we were mistaken. It's going to be a hard pull to carry the election against the opposition of those fellows. However——"

He resumed his work upon the correspondence awaiting his attention, but was again interrupted.

"Mr. Browne, I presume?" observed his caller, a dapper little man with a very shrewd face.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Thomas, Ambrose Thomas, man-

ager of the Hub Electric Light and Power Company."

"Be seated, Mr. Thomas."

"Thank you," said the gentleman, seating himself. "You are probably conversant with the question now being agitated regarding the lighting of the city by electricity."

"You mean as to whether the city itself or a private company shall furnish the light. Yes."

"Well, sir, this question will have to be decided by the next legislature, and I called to talk it over with you before election."

"Very good."

"Our company," resumed Mr. Thomas, "is more than anxious to secure the contract, and we shall use every means in our power to do so."

"Naturally."

"And our means are not limited. We know that everything depends upon the incoming legislature, and are, therefore, prepared to contribute liberally to the campaign fund of the right party."

"And you think that party is the Republicratic?"

"We don't know," replied Mr. Thomas, with a dry smile, "but we propose to find out before taking definite steps. You know what we want, Mr. Browne. Are you our man?"

"No, sir," answered Browne, decisively, "I be-

lieve in the realization of nationalistic principles, and feel it my duty to vote for the project of municipal lighting by municipal means."

"But think, my dear sir," expostulated Thomas, "if the work is done under contract by a large company like ours, how much better and cheaper it will be than if a new plant has to be made and green men broken in."

"I differ with you. Certainly a new plant will necessitate a large outlay, but that will be made up very soon by the saving. As for green hands, there is no reason that the city cannot get as capable workmen as you."

"But——"

"Allow me. You do not claim to give the city light at cost. You make a profit?"

"Of course."

"Then why can't the city make that profit for itself?"

"Because it costs us less to generate electricity since we use so much more to let out for power."

"That doesn't follow. Why can't the city use power for all the municipal engines that are now run by steam, and thus increase the saving? And if greater power means smaller expense, why can't the city supply power at a minimum profit to all consumers, thus benefiting not only tax payers, but private citizens as well?"

"But what would become of us, in that case?" inquired Mr. Thomas, in an aggrieved tone.

"You would be just what all such powerful companies should be, a thing of the past. If I had my way to-day I would make every railroad, steamboat, telegraph, and telephone line a governmental institution, and crush all private corporations that opposed. I would do away with every express company, and make the United States mail the country's errand boy. That is my idea of a just and beneficial reform."

"Then, sir," said Thomas, rising and buttoning his coat, "you cannot hope for our support in the coming election."

"You will, of course, act as you think best."

"I am sorry our interview is without better results, but I thank you for your plain speaking. Good day, sir."

"Good day."

And Mr. Thomas took his departure.

During the last few moments, Mr. Browne had been repeatedly consulting his watch. He had an appointment with some of the leaders of the Republicrat Party and expected them to call, nor did he have long to wait. A few moments after the departure of Mr. Thomas they appeared in a body.

There were six representatives of the 'power behind the throne,' namely: Mr. Finney, a middle-

aged gentleman with aggressive side whiskers, fierce spectacles, and a very mild voice; Mr. Oehlenschlager, the brewer, a man prominent in politics and corporation; Mr. Grace, a mild-looking man with a thunderous voice; Mr. Rose, who made it a point to agree with everybody; Mr. Putnam, who stuttered, but who would like to talk on all questions; and Mr. Grey, who never spoke on anything.

"I have been expecting you, gentlemen," said Mr. Browne, after exchanging greetings with his callers. "Pray be seated."

The gentlemen disposed themselves variously about the room, Mr. Oehlenschlager occupying the entire sofa and supporting his chin upon his clasped hands, which were, in turn, supported by the large ivory ball upon the head of his massive cane.

Mr. Grace, as chairman of the meeting, was first to speak. With a pleasant smile upon his mild countenance, he thundered, in a voice that shook the dust from the musty books on a shelf near him, "Gentlemen, wards two, seven, and sixteen have not yet nominated Republicrat candidates for the coming election. We are here to consider who are the best men for these offices. Have you anything to say?"

"M-m-m-Mr. Ch-chairm-man!"

"Mr. Putman."

"I pup-pup-propose we take the w-wa-wa-wards in order n-n-named."

"Very good, Mr. Putman. Has anyone a candidate to propose for ward two?"

Mr. Oehlenschlager rose. "I broboses Claus; Herrman Claus. He vas a goot feller an' von o' my best gustomers."

"W-w-w-w-at Claus is th-th-that?"

"Vat keeps a saloon," replied the corpulent gentleman. "He does a wholesale bus'ness yust like mein und got a pig pull mit de liquor dealers."

"Good!" said Rose, with an agreeable smile.

"Is that the Claus who was water commissioner last year?" asked Browne.

"Ja," assented Oehlenschlager, sitting down again upon the sofa, which groaned like a living thing beneath his weight.

"Then I must oppose the nomination. A man's personal character, and not his influence, should fit him for office."

"Good!" said Rose, approvingly.

"This man Claus proved himself lacking in qualifications for an office-holder when he served before. He openly used his influence to gain benefits for himself and his relations, regardless of the interests of the government or his party. I shall not uphold this candidate."

"Claus vas a goot feller," said Oehlenschlager, stolidly.

"Is there any other candidate?" asked Grace. No one spoke. "As there seems to be no other, let us consider ward seven. We can discuss the pros and cons later."

Mr. Putman attempted to say something, but before he was able to unravel the snarl he had got his first words into, Mr. Finney rose fiercely and said in very meek tones, "I propose Mr. Michael Fletcher as the best man in the ward."

"Good!" ejaculated Rose, enthusiastically.

"F-F-Fletcher's the m-m-m-man," said Putnam, "eh, Gray?"

Gray nodded.

"Isn't Fletcher the man who came over to our party from the other side a year or two ago, when he saw they were getting into the minority, so that he could remain in office?" asked Browne.

"He changed his party but——" began Finney, mildly, with a fierce look.

"That action shows the man," continued Browne, "and proves that he is in politics for personal ends; besides we cannot trust him. He is just as liable to desert us if he thinks it more profitable. I know some of the inside facts about him, and shall not countenance his nomination for a moment."

"Good!" said Rose, gravely.

"Any other candidate?" inquired the chairman.

No one answered.

"Then," continued Grace, "I propose, for ward sixteen, Mr. Percy Carter, the candidate who has represented the district for the past year."

"Good!" cried Rose, as if the proposal was an inspiration.

"Right man in the right p-p-pap-pup-place!" said Putnam.

"I differ with you again," said Browne, firmly. "Carter is the tool of the North and South Railroad Company, the representative of a monopoly and not of his constituents. When the question of cheaper fares was brought up last session he not only opposed it tooth and nail, but also bribed others. He went so far as to sell his vote to the other party on other questions in return for their promise to defeat this bill."

"Schtop kickin' Browne," grumbled Oehlenschlager, "un' let's fix dese tings un' go to dinner. I been hungry."

"Good!" said Rose, approvingly.

"Name the proper men and I will not object."

"W-w-w-we're all s-s-s-satisfied but you," said Putnam, indignantly.

"That's a fact," shouted Grace; "and what's

more, your own election will be in danger if you don't get the influence of these very men, in exchange for their nominations."

"I don't care a rap for my election if my defeat will keep out such men."

"But," murmured Finney, "the danger is not only for you, but the Republicratic Party."

"I don't care. If the party don't win with worthy representatives it had far better lose."

"But," thundered Grace, "you will break up our majority, and take the power out of the hands of the party."

"I don't care. Before party and before self I regard clean politics."

"Good!" exclaimed Rose, inadvertently. Oehlenschlager looked at him wrathfully, and he apologized with a gesture.

"T-t-t-take c-c-c-care, Bub-Bub-Browne!" said Putnam, warningly.

"You've got to change your tune," shouted Grace, "or the party'll drop you. All this bosh about clean politics is very well to talk from the platform, but it won't wash among ourselves. The man who tries to win an election with it gets left every time, and the sooner you drop it the better."

"But I don't mean to drop it."

"Den ve puts up anodder feller 'gainst yer,"

said Oehlenachlager, with a solemn wag of his head.

"Good!" said Rose, boldly.

"And," suggested Finney, "if we put up two candidates in your district, you and the party both will lose the election."

"Then it will be lost," said Browne, "and what will it amount to, anyhow? It will only be a loss for you, not for the voters. The whole nomination is nothing but a humbug and a farce. You don't meet to consider the wishes and necessities of the people, nor do you examine into the worthiness of the candidates you advance. You strive only to gain your own ends by foisting upon the people a set of liars, bribers, scoundrels, and thieves. Your election is a similar farce. People cannot vote according to their convictions, but have to choose between sets of equally corrupt politicians, and their votes are bought and sold beforehand. Your state legislature is a third farce, a system of "give me this and I will give you that," united only to fight for the narrow interests of their own state, even at the cost of the nation. And the most farcical of all farces is the national legislature: congress fighting a most important question, in two lines of battle with all means and tricks, pro and con; not considering it according to the needs of the people, but playing it, as a war-cry, for all it

is worth. The senate, an "aristocratic" body, the majority consisting of millionaires who strive to establish more benefits for the privileged classes, ignoring the welfare of the masses. The president, a powerless puppet, and the secretaries, men who have money or influenee enough to purchase the largest number of votes. All guilty of filling the fattest offices with their relations and friends to the exclusion of far more able and worthy office holders. Instead of a well-established system of promotion for worthy public servants, every four years the incumbents of governmental posts are liable to be discharged because of a change of party, and are sure of being "fleeced" for campaign funds. Such, gentlemen, is the representation of the people, from the embryo village parliament to the distorted monster, our national government. Our boasted liberty and freedom in this great republic, established under the purest and noblest principles, will soon become an object of mockery throughout the globe, if we do not repudiate self-interest and return to honesty in politics.

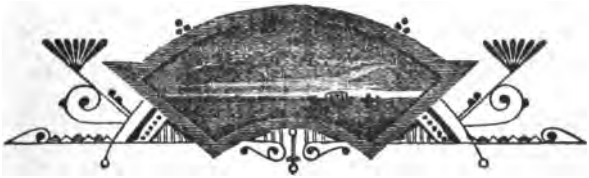
The highest aim of politics should be to serve honestly and truthfully the interests of the people. Politics should strive for the unification of the nations, for the amalgamation of the states within the nations, for the equalization of the interests

of the cities and towns within the states, and for the perfect ideal equality of the rights of all individuals. To help in preparing for such a state of affairs I shall use all my influence, regardless of party or private interests. These are my politics."

For a moment his listeners sat dumb with astonishment; and then, recovering themselves, they hurled a storm of threats and invectives at the daring speaker. Browne received their reproaches calmly, and, seeing he was immovable, the six men left the room in a body, led by Oehlenschlager, who exclaimed "Grazy!" as he crossed the threshold.

Gazing after his departing visitors, Browne muttered: —

"That loses my election, beyond a doubt. I'm going home;" and without another glance at the mass of unfinished work awaiting his attention, he left the office.



THE EDITOR.

SECTION VIII.

The Editor.

SCENE.—*Editorial Rooms of the* "Boston Sun," *a large room for the general use of reporters, from which open several doors leading to the private offices of the editors. A number of the staff of the paper are variously engaged correcting proof-sheets, reading the papers, or writing at desks along the walls, smoking, laughing, and joking. The click of typewriters is heard from the offices. Now and then a "devil" from the printing office hurries through the room with proofs. The air is heavy with tobacco-smoke.*

Enter Col. Watson. He passes through the offices, nodding and greeting pleasantly the various employees of the paper, and retires to the office marked "Editor-in-chief." Removes his coat, opens his desk, sits and begins reading his mail. A lady stenographer comes quietly in and seats herself by his desk, preparing to write as he dictates.

Col. W. (*reading*). "We wish to interest you, and through you the readers of your valuable paper, in our propaganda for the abolition of caste-distinction in India and ——"

(He gives stenographer letter without finishing it, and dictates answer:—)

"There is a large field for such work in Boston."

(Takes up next letter, opens it to find a closely-written manuscript of half-a-dozen large pages. Tosses it into waste-basket.)

"I haven't time to read written books."

(Opens next letter. Reads:—)

"The pleasure of your company is requested at the reunion and dinner of the British-American Society."

(Gives stenographer invitation.)

"Declined with thanks. I am not a British-American, and believe in purely American ideas for Americans. Britain has nothing to do with us, even in name."

(Reads next letter.)

"Will you kindly state in the columns of your paper that Dr. Solemn, the Great Indian Herb Curer, has removed from his former office on Green Street to ——"

(Gives letter to stenographer.)

"Our advertising rates are one dollar per line."

(Opens next letter).

"Your financial editor has published the details of my failure in a manner that will materially hurt my future business. I desire this corrected, or else——"

(Gives letter to stenographer.)

"Our paper declines to re-establish the credit of bankrupts."

(Opens next letter.)

"The undersigned, hoping for your co-operation, are desirous of interesting you in their project to erect a memorial to the generals of both armies in the late Civil War. Such a monument will, we trust, help to unite North and South, and eradicate all existing animosity. Kindly examine enclosed prospectus and publish appeal for funds."

(Gives letter to stenographer.)

"I don't take any stock in monuments. Animosity and war-feeling would be dead long ago if it were not artificially kept alive by such projects as yours. Better appeal for funds to improve the condition of the slums."

(Opens next letter.)

"Will you permit us to use your name as one of the founders of "The American Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Jews in Russia."

(Gives letter to stenographer.)

"Declined. Charity begins at home." That's all, Miss Blank, for to-day."

(Exit stenographer. Dramatic editor puts his head in at door of office.)

Dram. Ed. Morning Colonel. Want to use some seats for the opera to-night?

Col. W. I'm afraid I can't, Clark; obliged to you, though. By the way, what do you think of the new play at the "National?"

Dram. Ed. Didn't see it. My criticism appears in to-day's paper (*laughs.*) Here are the proofs.

Col. W. Let me see them.

(Dramatic Editor lets go of door, to which he has clung as if for life, and, entering the office, gives Colonel the proofs.)

Dram. Ed. There's as beautiful a lot of taffy as you'll find in a month of Sundays.

Col. W. (*reading proofs*). "Mr. Mephisto is as bright a bit of nonsense as it has been the fortune of playgoers to see for some time. The fun is spontaneous, the lines witty —" Why, Clarke, the piece is positively stupid!

Dram. Ed. So they tell me.

Col. W. (*reads*). "It is mounted in the elaborate style that always marks the productions of these liberal managers." Why, Clarke, "fake" is printed all over the stage.

Dram. Ed. Maybe. You see I wrote that to

please Thompson, the manager. He's too heavy an advertiser to offend.

Col. W. He does not want to be offended, but he does not hesitate to offend his patrons, the public, by bringing out such rot as "Mr. Mephisto." He ought to get a raking down for it.

Dram. Ed. Let the *Trumpeter* do it then. We can't afford to.

Col. W. I'm not so sure of that. A reputation for telling the truth, even at our own cost, ought to be worth something. I'm going to have the truth told to-day for a trial, even if Thompson withdraws his advertisements on account of it. Write up the whole business. It ought to make a good "ad" for the *Sun.*

Dram. Ed. Just as you say, of course, Colonel; but I don't see the good of it.

Col. W. Never mind, you just write it up truthfully, give credit only for what deserves credit, and criticise in reality.

Dram. Ed. I haven't seen the play.

Col. W. Then let one of the boys who has seen it, write it up, or run in to the matinee yourself. For liberal managers you can substitute "economical" without overdrawing. Understand; I want the plain truth, nothing more nor less.

Dram. Ed. Very good. I will do as you say;

but it will come out of the advertising department.

Col. W. I can't help it.

[*Exit Dramatic Editor in displeasure.*

Col. W. H'm. Clarke is right; this truth may come out of our pockets. Rust is to blame for it (*laughs*).

(*Enter Boy.*)

Boy. There's a gentleman waiting to see you, sir.

Col. W. Can't see anybody. Who is it?

Boy. He says his name is Harwood, sir.

Col. W. (*grumbling*). Show him in.

(*Enter Mr. Harwood, president of the Lowland Street Railway Co.*)

Harwood. How are you, Colonel. Hope I don't disturb you?

Col. W. But you do. Have a chair.

Harwood (*seats himself*). Thought I'd just drop in for a little chat. It's necessary to keep on good terms with the head of our most influential paper, you know.

Col. W. You want something of me, since you begin with taffy.

Harwood. I want to inquire about your advertising rates. We think seriously of extensively advertising our suburban home scheme.

Col. W. Indeed?

Harwood. Yes. It's a good thing, too; especially if we get our elevated railroad through. Gives a poor man an opportunity of establishing a home within convenient reach of the city, without investing anything to speak of.

Col. W. That is, convenient reach, provided the elevated road is erected.

Harwood. Certainly. What are your "ad" rates per page?

Col. W. One thousand dollars a day.

Harwood. We shall have to take a page for ten days or so.

Col. W. Very good.

Harwood. I'll have the matter written out and send some one in to see you with it.

Col. W. Any time.

Harwood. And now about this elevated. You know our company has applied for a charter, and I want to know if you will use your influence in our favor.

Col. W. The business of an honest paper is to report impartially; not to influence or favor. I shall investigate the matter objectively and criticise it from the standpoint of public welfare.

Harwood. Why not consider your own interest?

Col. W. My interests and those of my paper

are secondary to the needs and wishes of the people.

Harwood. That sounds well, Colonel, but you won't act up to it. Personal advantages are paramount.

Col. W. So it seems.

Harwood. As to convincing you that the side of the Lowland Street Railway is the right one, I do not fear my ability to do so.

Col. W. I am open to conviction. If your bill passes and you are granted a charter, how soon will you build the elevated road you are planning?

Harwood (*laughs*). As soon as we can. You see we have the horse-car line now, and that fills the gap for the present.

Col. W. Your horse-car line affords very insufficient accommodation. You don't want another company to get the charter for the elevated for the fear of competition. And if you get the charter yourselves you will not build it, because it would compete with your present horse-car monopoly. Convince me that I am mistaken and I promise you every aid the *Sun* can give.

Harwood. What the devil has all that got to do with it?

Col. W. Everything, since I suspect that you mean to neglect the public needs to increase your profits.

Harwood. Admitted that we regard our profits first. Who does not? Your paper must support itself, too?

Col. W. Certainly.

Harwood. And its support is mainly derived from advertisers?

Col. W. Yes.

Harwood. Very well. What I have to propose is mutual support. I offer you a ten-thousand-dollar advertisement, and that will be but a beginning. Come, what do you say?

Col. W. You cannot buy our conviction, Mr. Harwood.

Harwood. If ten thousand is not enough, name your price. I want the support of your paper.

Col. W. You cannot get it, sir.

Harwood. You have quite an income from us now. You may lose that.

Col. W. That cannot change our policy of strict integrity.

Harwood. Well, if we can't have you, we can't. You will keep your former neutrality, I suppose?

Col. W. No, sir. Hereafter we shall oppose you with every means in our power.

Harwood. What?

Col. W. This interview has entirely removed all the doubts I felt regarding your intentions, and has indicated our policy in this matter.

Harwood. If you mean fight, then go it. You will be out of pocket more than you expect.

Col. W. Doubtless we will.

Harwood. And you will learn to know that (*he rattles a handful of coins*) "might makes right!"

[*Exit Harwood.*

Cal. W. (*rings. Enter boy*). Tell Brooks and Hereford to come to me at once. [*Exit boy.*

Col. W. By Jove, Rust, but you have got me into it, though (*laguhs*).

(*Enter Hereford and Brooks, two of the staff.*)

Col. W. Gentlemen, I want to instruct you for some special work. I have decided upon our policy regarding the elevated railway question. I am wholly and entirely against giving the Lowland Street Railway, or any other private concern, further privileges. We are to advocate a nationalistic system, to bring forward the idea of making the city build this railroad, giving the people the best accommodations at a minimum price, and making whatever profit there is to be made for the city. Mr. Brooks, I wish you to write up with full details, proofs, and interviews, the insufficiency of our present street railroad system, and the most desirable rapid-transit project. You, Mr. Hereford, use your best abilities to advocate in a strong article the rights of the people to have their public institutions, and especially their traffic,

under the control and for the profit of the people. Do not fear to attack anything or anybody, if necessary, but confine yourself strictly to facts. I would like to see you with the proofs, gentlemen. That is all. [*Exit Brooks and Hereford.*

(Walking up and down the room, Watson thinks of writing an editorial to start the fight. Enter office boy with card of Mr. Charles Davenport, B. A.)

Watson (*taking card*). Why didn't you tell the gentleman I am busy.

Boy. I did sir, but he wouldn't go. He's been waiting an hour.

Watson. Show him in.

(*Office boy admits Mr. Davenport.*)

Davenport. Good morning, Colonel; pardon my importunity, but I am very anxious for a word with you. I shall be as brief as possible.

Watson. That will please me. You know I am always glad if I can oblige you, but this morning I am very busy.

Davenport. Then I will come to the point at once. You know, Colonel, that I always fancied literary work, and having graduated from Harvard I have decided to devote myself to a journalistic career. I called to ask you to give me a chance to begin on your paper.

Watson. Begin on my paper! My dear Charlie, do you know the naked meaning of your words? What do you understand by beginning on a paper like the *Sun*?

Davenport. I have no clear conception of the details and nomenclature of the positions on a daily paper, but I suppose I could make myself useful in one or the other branch, and gradually work into a good position.

Watson. In what branch, for example?

Davenport. As I said, Colonel, I don't know enough of the details to say definitely, but I think my English style, my knowledge of literature, and the fact that I speak and write French and German fluently would open to me a large field of literary work.

Watson. Maybe, as an occasional contributor, after you have acquired the necessary technical knowledge. Your theoretical knowledge and collegiate education are of little value for the hustling work of a daily paper.

Davenport. But, Colonel, you need men on your staff who speak foreign languages and write perfect English?

Watson. Theoretically, yes; but in practice, to speak frankly, it is not so. For literature, theatre, art, and music, we employ authorities of long experience. Translations from foreign languages are

mere trifles, executed with very little knowledge of the language and a dictionary. For our editorials we need specialists who command the subject more than a polished English.

Davenport. And yet there is a flowing style shown in your paper.

Watson. Yes, because our staff has acquired, by many years experience, that newspaper English fit for the occasion. With them it is a matter of custom, the result of routine. Journalism must begin with an apprenticeship and be learned like any other trade.

Davenport. You don't mean to say that every journalist must commence as a reporter?

Watson. If he wants to reach the highest point, it is the only way. (*Looks at his watch.*) Listen, Charlie. I have five minutes to spare and I will paint for you a verbal picture of journalism. Not a rose-tinted, idealistic painting, but a realistic sketch of the modern newspaper in the United States. The daily papers of this country, and for that matter, throughout the world, are not arenas for thinkers, but simply business undertakings. There is not a paper in the world edited with a view to making it a literary gem; they all cater to the immediate wants of the public. I do not want to talk of those papers which are in the possession of trusts, railroad companies, or the barons

of the stock exchange, nor of such as are subsidized by a political party or clique. I speak of the so-called independent paper.

There is no independent paper; none able to carry out a programme or to follow strictly a course designed beforehand. All are forced to satisfy the hunger of the masses for news and sensation. The principal income of a newspaper is not derived from subscribers, but from advertisers, and these returns are only lucrative when the paper has a large number of readers. To secure this large number of readers the paper must continually hunt up, not only news, but also something new; must try to please every one, to publish something for everybody, and to outdo all competitors. This condition has brought the reporter to the foreground, has made him the leading necessity of journalism. The work of the chiefs of departments consists only in arranging matters and bringing them out in the most timely and spicy manner, and the editor has to devote himself to moulding the spirit of the paper, besides attending to numerous matters which have nothing at all to do with journalism. Conferences with party leaders, bargaining about "puffs," negotiating with theatrical and amusement managers, and dozens of similar affairs which the reader does not find, or at least does not recognize, in his paper. To carry

on all these affairs the editor needs a well trained staff of experienced reporters and specialists who know the field, as well as the tastes of the public. These qualities, and an inborn talent, are indispensable for a newspaper man, and if he aims to reach a prominent position he must be endowed with iron health, presence of mind, indomitable energy, indefatigable working ability, limitless impudence, and half a dozen similar gifts of the gods. If a mortal is possessed of all these qualities he must commence at the lowest round of the ladder; must span himself day and night in the yoke of dull routine work and strive ceaselessly for his ends. After years of hard work, filled with disappointments, he loses, not only his youth and ideals, but also his knowledge and style of writing, and if he does not give up in despair he will become, when work has ripened him for it, a journalist.

Davenport. But, Colonel, you yourself——

Watson. I know what you want to say. You want to quote my own career as a proof against my statement, but the exception proves the rule, and I am the one in thousands who has by mere chance reached a position which hundreds of older and more capable men never will reach.

Davenport. But why can't another man——

Watson. Certainly, any one can try. You have asked for a position on my paper, and as an old

friend of your family I feel it my duty to give you very honest advice. Keep out of journalism. You are a talented young man, with a thorough education, and you will not lack patronage. Get a professorship, and follow your literary ambitions occasionally. If your love lasts you have plenty of time to marry a newspaper. Anyhow, consider the matter earnestly, and if you adhere to your determination, I advise you to connect yourself with some country newspaper. I am willing to give you recommendations, and when you have worked for a year or so in Lynn, Salem, Manchester, Haverhill, or some such place; after you have written local news, dramatic criticisms, editorials, musical and art notes, fashion gossip; after you are able to write an entire weekly sheet from Alpha to Omega yourself, then call again, and I will see what wood you are made of. For to-day I beg to be excused.

Davenport. Thank, you. Good morning, Colonel. [*Exit Davenport.*

Watson. I hope my dose of truth has saved that young man from committing suicide by instalments. Didn't seem to please him much, and his papa will like it less than he does. Wonder if Rust ever was an editor during his nine years of knocking about?

(*Boy brings in a copy of the second edition of the*

paper, fresh from the press; gives it to Col. W. and exit. Colonel glances through paper; he notices an account of an accident, headed "Who Was He?" and reads therefrom:—)

"But the wires were so heavily charged, that before help could be called the man was dead. The body was taken to the morgue and awaits identification. The only mark found upon the clothing was the name 'Hermes,' written in red ink upon the shirt."

(*Watson lays down the paper and sits meditatively back in his chair.*)

"Hermes! If that was the God of Liars, Rust would have an eight-thousand-dollar hole in his pocket, and that would not be the only consequence. What a mess it would make, to be sure, if such a thing were possible. By Jove! What an idea for an editorial! (*Rings bell, enter boy.*) Send Miss. Blank in. (*Exit boy, enter stenographer.*) Please write. (*Dictates.*)

THE DEATH OF HERMES.

"And in Elysium it was that time of the year set down in the Zodiakos as the days of Kerberos, and the air was as if it came from out Hephæstos' furnace. And every god and goddess numbered with the four hektas, who might leave, was gone to the Helikon Mountains, there to stay until Bacchus called them to his festivals in the vineyards. But Zeus might not go, because that there

was much for him to do in Elysium. And because Madame Hera was gone amid the comely mountaineers, he was not easy in his mind, for that he feared his spouse might take vengeance on him in kind for his escapade with Mlle. Europa, the which had made her most jealous.

And it happened, at this time, that Hermes visited the Modern Athens where he sojourned pleasantly. And Zeus had need of him and sent unto him three several messengers, bidding him return to Elysium. And Hermes would not, because that he, the champion liar, found many willing scholars where he was. And Zeus sought relief from the great heat in deep draughts of nectar, so deep that both Hebe and Ganymede rested not, but fetched him drink and poured for him unceasingly.

And the cup-bearers were aweary and would no more, saying: "Lo! we will even strike; eight hours in the day will we serve thee, O Zeus! but no more." And thereupon was the mighty monarch of the gods wroth, and called out, saying: "Why comes not Hermes?" Whereat they made answer: "He bade us say, O Zeus! he cometh, but lo! he lied!" And to punish his messenger, Zeus hurled a thunderbolt. And Hermes was dead."

The above is a clipping from the *Elysium Daily Papyrus.* If we could believe newspapers, and the gods of old governed the world, what

would be the consequence of the event thus chronicled in our daily life? Let us examine into it.

The god of lies being dead, there is no longer any lying. Truth reigns supreme and undisputed. This changes all private, public, and social relations entirely. We no longer greet any one with "good morning" or "good day" if it is entirely immaterial to us whether he has a good, or no morning at all. We no more say "How do you do," or "I am delighted to meet you," if we do not take a real interest in the welfare of the party addressed. We do not pretend to enjoy the appearance of a visitor, and do not invite him with hypocritical warmth to call again if his company is not agreeable to us. We do not congratulate any one on his birthday, wedding day, or any anniversary, if we do not deem either him or ourselves, or the community, benefitted by repetitions of these anniversaries. We no longer wear mourning to proclaim to the world that we have lost a relative; the egotistic grief for the absence of a dear one is felt in the heart, and not shown by the coat. The relations of the sexes to each other change entirely when, through the cessation of lying, all hypocrisy and conventional customs are done away with; women propose just as well to men as men to women, because the equal rights

of both are naturally established, and no one dares longer to lie about different duties and the inferiority of women.

In public and business affairs every one must become the employer and employee of all, but this state will only be reached gradually. The first consequence of absolute truth-telling must naturally be the impossibility of existence for a large number of certain trades and businesses. All buying and selling will concentrate itself in extensive establishments, for the different branches of trade which employ an enormous number of people; this must lead to an extension of all combinations; the monopolies of employers on one hand will enlarge and increase, and the unions of employees on the other hand will grow to an undreamt-of extent. These unions will not only successfully guard the interests of their members, but also make living cheaper and better by establishing for themselves co-operative homes, clubs, theatres, general supply-stores, etc., etc. Since all employees of these undertakings will also become members of the unions, the unions will grow so powerful that they will be able to fight the capitalists and monopolists successfully. The result may seem uncertain for a time, but it is obvious that might must conquer usurped rights, and finally there must come a compromise by which all join

forces and consolidate in a grand whole. This combination, or society, or nation, call it what you please, will declare and administer everything as public common property, will abolish the right of possession and inheritance, and will give to every one only the fruit of his labors, but under all circumstances insure to all a comfortable living.

The consequence of this new order of things will be that every male and female member of human society will become an entirely independent individual, endowed with the full rights of liberty and equality. The strongest of all natural instincts, the instinct of self-preservation, will at last develop free, unveiled, and unmasked by lies, and the instinct of race preservation will no longer need or allow extenuation or artificial restrictions. Reigning truth will, aided by liberty and equality, which she engendered, elevate the character of man to so high a level that he will be ripe for ideal individualism. With lies all barriers, all pretensions, all oppressions cease. In place of the narrow-minded egotistic motives for the formation and preservation of family, commonwealth, and state, in place of artificial passing, changing, and imaginary common interests, in place of the narrowness of duty and love, to a small circle related by a few generations, our hearts will be enlarged and filled with duty and love for all humanity.

Thus would one speak, telling of the times and of what befell and was to come, when Hermes was dead and Truth was king!"

Col. W. Write it out and send it with my signature for the four o'clock edition. Let me see the proofs! (*Exit Stenographer.*) Mr. Rust, this costs you a thousand dollars! I never received such pay for an editorial.

(*Watson changes his coat, humming a lively air. As he takes his hat to go, an office boy enters and gives him two cards. He lays them down and goes out by a side door, calling to the boy from the outside.*)

Tell the gentlemen I have just left, and exceptionally it is true.

THE PREACHER.

SECTION IX.

The Preacher.

The first thought that crossed the mind of the Rev. Mr. Bolden as he awoke the morning after the meeting of the "Model Nine" was of his pledge to Rust. In connection with its possible results, he thought with apprehension of the lecture he had prepared to deliver in the evening. His uneasiness on this account made him hurry to his study as soon as breakfast was over; put aside mail and morning papers and take up the manuscript to severely criticise and correct it, if necessary, from the standpoint of truth.

The first sentences proved to him that he would break his pledge if he delivered the lecture he had written. He thought of re-writing it, and ruefully reproached himself for having announced his subject beforehand, as it was a very delicate one to treat, but a glance at his list of engagements showed him that he would be unable to find time. His only course, therefore, was to speak extempo-

raneously; and with a sigh of self-doubt he determined to make the best of it, and turned his attention to the duties of the day.

In the evening the Boston Bay Church was brightly illuminated, and a brilliant assembly of society-people filled the somniferous pews. After the organ-prelude and a song by the choir, the Rev. Mr. Bolden entered the pulpit, and, to the astonishment of the congregation, ignoring the usual introductory prayer, began at once upon his sermon.

DO WE NEED RELIGION?

My friends, I must open my sermon to-day with a confession. If I had not already announced the subject I intend to discuss, I would have chosen another in order to avoid misunderstanding and misinterpretation. Unforeseen events force me to adhere to the subject, as well as to an execution most strictly in accordance with what I believe to be the sole truth. Under other circumstances I would have given you, not merely my opinion, but the established views of our creed as they prevail in the majority of our congregation, and would have added such arguments as could prove their indubitable correctness.

As it is I shall face the question, "Do we need religion?" not from the standpoint of our church, but from that of the unbiased skeptical phil-

osopher, who investigates and dissects this most important of interrogations for the sake of all humanity and with an outlook for the future.

Every school of philosophers has taken up this question, and tried to solve it according to its own principles some in favor, some against prevailing conditions. In modern times, philosophers, skeptics, socialists, anarchists, and nihilists, forming new groups of reformers, have shaken with powerful thoughts and arguments the foundation-pillars of religion. They declare that religion as it was and is now, is repugnant to our present state of science, inconsistent with our knowledge of the changelessness and universality of natural law, and inimical to the highest principle of equal rights for all humanity.

The question "Do we need religion?" is answered by so many people in the negative, that some of our best elements have ceased entirely to belong to any church, to attend religious services, and to give their children religious instruction. This seems to me to be a consequence of the various and different interpretations given to the word "religion," which cause some people to denounce as absurd and unsustainable in our times what others call religion, while they themselves are called by the others atheists and free-thinkers, oftentimes without sufficient cause or reason.

It is therefore necessary to distinguish the different interpretations, and to establish what *we* understand by the word religion, before we treat our subject in a manner which will leave no doubts. I do not pretend to be infallible, or even to possess superior knowledge. All I can say is that my mind has been occupied for years with this question, and that I will give you my opinion frankly, without trying to hide or overlook anything, although it may not have been proclaimed before from this place.

In trying to find an answer to our introductory question, "What is religion?" we must carefully investigate all the definitions of the word. For the majority of humanity, religion is the adherence to the belief of their ancestors or educators; some declare that it is the highest instinct of the most elevated being — man; others, that it is the invention of a few to dupe the mass of human animals; and modern interpreters of religous thought define it as the better part of humanity's nature, which leads it to elevation by believing in principles and doctrines otherwise unexplainable. If we dissect the religious beliefs of all the different creeds, and condense the teachings of Buddha, Brahma, Confucius, Zoroaster, Moses, Jesus, Mahomed, we can safely say that in general, all over the world, religion is understood as the belief in a

superhuman or supernatural power, represented by one or more beings, who created and govern the world with almighty will, and who have set down certain rules and laws to be obeyed by men if they would gain certain privileges during their life-time or hereafter.

Whoever believes truly this basis of all religious doctrines and tries to live accordingly, can certainly find little difficulty in attaining happiness, and I cannot help envying him. But as soon as we commence meditating and searching for the sources from which these religious beliefs came, as soon as we throw the light of modern philosophy and science upon the corner-stone of that enormous ancient building, religion, we must become skeptical. We can no more believe revelations and miracles, we can no more accept the sayings and writings of any man as irrefutable and indubitable facts, if they are decidedly against everything that seems to us logical, probable, or even possible.

With ever increasing clamor and urgency we put the burning questions: How did religion originate? how did it develop into its present state? And the student can find but one solution: no other beings but men are surprised at their own existence; consciousness awakes not, until the inner essence of nature has worked its way through

the long chain of unconscious and animal beings to the reasoning being, man. The first question aroused in the first reasoning human beings must have been, "Who am I?" When man first learned that certain fruits were pleasant and lightning dangerous, he formed the conception of good and evil, and certainly he tried to find their causes by looking under the trees and above the clouds. When he saw for the first time birth and death, he must have formed a conclusion of a "before" as well as an "after," and thus built up a perception of life, death, creation, and extinction. These reflections led to the first very primitive metaphysical principles, but it was distinctly and solely animal metaphysics.

This animal metaphysics would never have become spiritual if our life was endless and painless. The searching for the causes of phenomena, united with the boundless imagination of men, led them to form a conception of a superior being, endowed with the two qualities they most desired: immortality and unlimited will-power. The first perception of God or gods, shows them to be in all other respects like human beings: they were possessed of the same instincts—hunger and love; they were moved by the same passions—ambition, vindictiveness, jealousy, and hatred; they were susceptible to flattery, could be cheated, irritated,

and reconciled,—in short, the whole scale of human characteristics is visible in the portraits of gods.

The study of human races in this stadium of building, the first conceptions of half animal, half spiritual, metaphysics, shows very similar results all over the world. Somé men, gifted with superior qualities, quick apprehension, lively imagination, energy of character, and power of speech, arose in every race, condensed the prevailing metaphysical conceptions, formed them into principles, and brought them eloquently before the masses. Some used the form of supernatural revelation, some based their doctrines upon social revolutions, but all, without exception, made use of the fear which so powerfully possessed men, of death, pain, and suffering. The building of these first spiritual metaphysical principles grew slowly and steadily, was increased continually by new men, who either claimed new revelations or found it sufficient to explain and enlarge the old ones. They were the priests or prophets of the people, they established upon the metaphysical basis of supernatural perceptions, the rules and laws of religious beliefs, and did not forget to found their own comfortable office in them. Glance at the temples, churches, synagogues, pagodas, mosques and all the other places where they pretend to

worship God in one or the other form, manner, or system; interrogate into the real or imaginary causes and consequences of all these religious buildings, and you will find that they are erected by few men for their own benefit. (Stir in the audience.)

Read the Old Testament, the basis of our religious belief, in a cool and unbiased spirit, and you must see that it was intended to free a nation from slavery by means of a social revolution, that its religious principles are based upon the fear of death, tales of revelations, the performing of tricks called miracles, and that the principal purpose of all the rules and laws was the establishment of a privileged caste of priests, that sought to govern the people.

Dissect the teachings of Jesus, and you will find that they were principally socialistic, and pointed against the preponderating power and encroachment of the priests and privileged classes. Whatever became of these teachings, however they were interpreted and what they are now, is the work of priests, who want to keep the reins in their hands with which to govern and lead the masses.

Study the Koran—a book which caused the bloodiest wars history relates, and which animates, in our times, millions of men with a fearlessness of death unparalleled in other creeds—and you will

see that it is dictated and carried out by a fanatical desire to lead the populace.

Varying rituals, holidays, etc., do not constitute the difference of the numerous creeds. The only real distinguishing characteristic is whether their conception is pessimistic or optimistic.

All religious doctrines and beliefs are based upon the attempt of individuals to explain unexplainable things, to gain through the mortal fright of men, and to give them, in return for their willingness to be governed and guided in this world, a check upon another — the bank of the hereafter. Since no one ever came back and told us that his check was not cashed promptly, we are lead to believe that not only such a hereafter must exist, but that also the promises given by our religious office-holders are punctually filled.

Scrutinize Christianity or Judaism of our times with the help of a good microscope and say frankly what constitutes a Christian or a Jew in Boston, for example. It is sufficient to belong to a congregation, pay for a pew, go once or twice to church, where some concert music is performed, a preacher recites a few perfunctory prayers or transacts certain ceremonies, and winds up with a sermon in which he tries, in a more or less sophistical manner, to show that he believes certain things which neither he nor the congregation do believe, al-

though both pretend to most earnestly. Add to this the display of luxury, the desire to rise in the eyes of his fellows by being a pious religionist, the trend of our age to use mere animal happenings, as birth, marriage, and death, for show, and you have an abstract of what people call religion. Or does their religion consist in teaching their children what they do not believe themselves, at such an early age that the little ones can neither understand nor digest it? Has religion anything to do with what is called charity, and is, in reality, nothing but the awakened conscience attempting publicly to partly neutralize the injustice committed against the poor, by giving them, in the degrading form of alms, what they are entitled to demand? Is anybody justified to misuse the word religion, by establishing missionaries to convert believers of other creeds, who have the same right to their religious views and beliefs as we have, and who are often not so thoroughly enmeshed in hypocrisy as their would-be converters? Does the word religion mean, paying a number of men to preach that their views and the belief of their parishioners are the only correct ones, and that all other creeds are decidedly wrong, when both the payer and the paid know that this means the artificial strengthening of barriers which ought to be torn down as soon as possible.

Now if this, — call it Judaism, Christianity, Mahomedanism, or whatever you please, —*if this is* religion, such a thing is most necessary for the blind sheep who thoughtless, follow the bell-wether, and it is extremely convenient for the leader, who has the choice of the best fodder and the satisfied vanity of feeling himself a leader. These two classes may and will answer the question "Do we need religion?" in the affirmative.

But if you ask me to give my opinion, my friends, I must declare, although it may sound strange to many of you, and although it seems to be in contradiction to my office, that if religion *is nothing but this*, we do *not* need religion! (Commotion, whispers, excitement and murmur in the audience, many of whom left the church. He continued appeasingly.)

It is not necessary to accept this, my view, in an alarming manner, because if you judge it coolly, you will observe that you think likewise, and that my statement has only shocked you because it was not varnished or hidden in phrases. Neither you nor anyone else who has had a modern education, and whose brain is capable of sound judgment, believe in such a religion as was established and interpreted of old. Many say so frankly, many others try to bring the former definitions of religion in accordance with their modern thoughts,

and some even commit the crime of saying, "That is all right for you and me, but for the multitude of the people, we *do* need *that* religion!"

I must impress upon the last, "what is good for the one is right for the other"; the second I must warn not to injure humanity by trying to make things meet which never will come together, and the first named I would strengthen by pointing out the sole solution: form a *new*, the *right* conception of "religion"!

Religion must not be the belief in things we cannot believe; religion must not try to explain things in direct contradiction to our knowledge; religion must not try to dupe people and make unbased promises; religion must not frighten men with bugbears whose existence cannot be proven; religion must not be the means of guiding the masses for the benefit of the privileged; religion must not be the milch-cow for those who teach things which they do not believe themselves; religion must not consist of laws, rules, and regulations, must not be written or printed in books, must not be for sale only in certain places, by certain persons at certain times; religion must not be what it was, and is; *religion must be built up anew.*

But how? what shall it be? you ask. Religion must become truth. It must be based upon truth,

consist of truth, and aim at truth. Nothing but the maxim that all members of humanity have the same and equal rights, can form a true basis for a true religion. Nothing but the principle that none have the privilege of establishing rules or laws binding others, and that everybody is entitled to carry out in any way he pleases his own views, can form the true consistence of a true religion. Nothing can be the true aim of a true religion but the ardent restless aim and search for truth in all its forms, causes, and consequences.

To reach this religion, humanity must be raised to a level where its members respect the rights of their fellow-beings as much as their own, where they fear more to do injustice to others than to themselves, and where they search for the truth for truth's sake. The centre of gravity, the hope and fear of our souls, must necessarily be within the limits of our real existence, and must not be artificially placed in a hypothetical one, of which we have no proofs. We must not avoid the evil and do the good for the sake of being punished or rewarded in a hereafter, but we must live so that we do not injure ourselves or our fellow-beings, and try our best to be useful to all creatures, because every good deed bears in itself a benefit, every bad one an injury to humanity.

To achieve this, we must become, first, conver-

sant with the reachable laws of nature, with the knowledge of the formation of our body and the functions of all its parts and organs. We must study the influences of heredity, surroundings, and education, and give all human beings the best and equal chances to develop their faculties, without raising the talented ones in any way above the less gifted. We must do away entirely with inheritance, property, and possessions, because they are the prime causes of all misery, vice, and crime. We must choose our partners upon the basis of natural selection, no more moved by mercenary or lustful motives, but with a full consciousness of the great responsibility we take upon ourselves in moulding future generations. We must look upon the new-born babe as a member of society, endowed with equal rights and equal duties for the time of its existence. We must regard death as the natural end and the final release of a life which was a necessary and self-evident link in the endless chain of nature's reproductions.

When humanity is animated with these principles, we shall have neither *palaces* nor *slums*, the *prisons* will be transformed into *hospitals*, the *churches* will be torn down and *school-houses* will have taken their places. The narrow limits of family, state, and nation will have vanished, and the globe will be populated by one large family

of brothers and sisters, living happily, governed by the sacred, all sufficient law, — *the golden rule! Nature* will be our *church, the song of the birds* our *chimes, the orbits of the stars* our *bible, conscience* the *only* preacher, and *our God will be Truth!* This is the religion we need!

Speechless, motionless, listened the congregation to the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Bolden, delivered in a manner never known before to the fashionable congregation. He had begun in his customary cool and objective way, grown gradually into a fire of inspirated eloquence, and closed with such a fervent outburst of convincing passion as never was heard from a pulpit before. A sigh of relief eased the breast of every listener; then came a rustling of dresses, a fanning, clapping of hymn-books, moving of canes, umbrellas, and parasols; a proof that everyone involuntarily tried to employ his strained nerves and divert his excited feelings and thoughts.

The choir sang imploringly, the organ blew deep, majestic, solemn notes, and the congregation left the pews, provoked and irritated to an almost unbearable degree. Groups of members stopped outside the church-doors discussing pros and contras in an excited manner, and the elders and deacons of the church assembled involuntarily in the vestry.

When Rev. Mr. Bolden made his appearance there, a deep but eloquent silence greeted him. He sank into a chair, covering his face with his trembling hands, and uttered half despairingly, half triumphantly, "Oh, for a life like that!"

Deacon Carter, a man of three-score and ten, stern and commanding in appearance, said reproachfully, "For Christ's sake, what has led you to this, reverend sir?"

No answer from the chair.

Mr. Jackson, a dudeish young deacon exclaimed, "How could you dare to address the congregation in such a manner?"

A protesting gesture from the chair.

A dignified old man, said slowly, with tears in his voice: "My father was a member of this congregation; I was baptized, confirmed, and married in this church; my children worship here, my grandchildren go to your Sunday-school; I have been proud of you, as our preacher, for eight years, and now you have disgraced, not only yourself and us, but Christianity."

A sigh, a trembling and shaking of the man in the chair, his head fell upon the table; no answer.

And then the tumult broke out among the deacons and elders.

"It was a revolutionary sermon."

"I call it regular anarchism and nihilism."

"It is outrageous! unheard of!"

"He should be ashamed to go before the congregation."

"I wouldn't dare to show myself in society."

"We shall be the talk of the whole city."

"All the newspapers of the country will take this up."

"This is heresy."

"We must close the church."

"I move an immediate meeting of the deacons."

"We must call in the preachers of all the churches."

"I hope he will resign instantly."

"I shall hand in *my* resignation."

"How will this end?"

So it sounded and resounded from the walls of the vestry, otherwise so quiet, dignified, and sacred.

And all at once the human body in the chair moved, rose to its full height, the black, piercing eyes shone with a divine light, and the trembling lips spoke in firm, decided tones: "Gentlemen, you are at liberty to criticise and act as you please. I was forced to my sermon by events which some may call nihilistic blasphemy, others anarchistic revolution, but which seem to me to be the work of a superterrestrial power. For the

first time in my life I have spoken entirely as I feel, and I have nothing to add but Luther's words before the diet at Worms: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; may God help me, amen.' Erect, with high raised head, frowning brows, gleaming eyes, and quivering lips, he walked with firm steps out of the vestry, leaving the assembled judges thunder-struck.

* * * *

Thus he strode from the brilliantly-lighted church into the night and darkness without. About him was the ceaseless rush and bustle of the restless city, throngs of people hurrying hither and thither, each one striving for his own end, regardless of his fellows. Wrapt in thought, he did not hear the noisy discords of the German band playing a brassy waltz under the yellow light of a street-lamp, although he pushed his way through the crowd that had gathered around to listen; he did not see the bashful lovers leaving the tell-tale glare of the electric light for the kindly shadows of a poorly-lighted side-street; he did not feel the jostling of the crowd as he forced his way obliviously onward.

At length, he knew not how, he found himself seated in a quiet corner of the Public Garden. The solitude of the spot, together with the gentle soughing of the breeze through the branches over-

head and the glitter of lights upon the waters of the lake, exerted a soothing influence over him. He removed his hat to cool his heated brow, and the soft plashing of a neighboring fountain lulled him into meditation.

He thought of his future; a noisy trial for heresy, the vacuous denunciations of denominational dignitaries and the press, the loss of his position and the proclamation, of his excommunication. He saw himself ostracized and forced to emigrate to foreign lands, there to start anew. He thought of the past, of the great hopes his ambitious father and loving mother had entertained for his career; he thought of the love of his youth, with whom he had hoped to share his life; he thought of his college days and the parting words of his philosophy teacher, "Be faithful and you will be true; be true and you are faithful." He thought of his fellow students and good friends, the "Model Nine—" "Ah, Rust, I had almost forgotten—Be true and—To the Algonquin!"

A NEW CRUSADE.

SECTION X.

A New Crusade.

A little after eight o'clock on the evening following the annual meeting of the "Model Nine," Mr. Rust was seated in a comfortably upholstered lounging chair in one of the rooms of the Algonquin Club, smoking an Egyptian cigarette and glancing through the evening papers. His eye was caught by his own name in the columns of the *Society Pattern* and he read, greatly amused, the following: —

"Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Harvey Rust, Ph. D., has returned, after an absence of ten years, to his birthplace, Boston. After having graduated from Harvard, he spent considerable time at the universities of Paris and Leipzig, where he took high degrees and was appointed member of several academies of science."

"A man isn't judged by what he knows, but by the number of letters trailing after his name."

"His fortune enabled him to renounce all professional occupations."

"So my value does not consist in my work, but in the size of the checks I can draw."

"And he spent some years traveling in all parts of the world, his object being to study the conditions of civilized as well as uncivilized nations. His numerous friends flatter themselves that he will make Boston his home, and give our city the benefit of his valuable researches."

"That's what he means to do," said Rust, "but not in the way you expect. What disgusting bosh these society papers write about personal matters!" he continued, as he tossed aside the *Pattern* and took up *The Sun.*

He glanced through the columns and exclaimed, "What a nice paper of its kind Watson has made of the poor little sheet I remember of old." Finding Watson's name signed to an editorial he read "*The Death of Hermes,*" interrupting himself with exclamations of surprise and delight.

"By the beard of Mahomet! Watson is jumping in with both feet! If the other fellows go in for it as hot as he, it will cost me eight thousand dollars. I wonder if anyone will come to-night!"

As if attracted by telepathic influence, Colonel Watson made his appearance.

"Hello, Watson, I congratulate you, old man. What an excellent editorial bomb you have thrown!"

"Ye-es. The bomb exploded in our editorial

rooms. You ought to have seen the splinters in the shape of telegrams, letters, and telephone-messages, which flew around my desk. And "excellent!" I wish you had crossed the Common with me. Every few steps I was buttonholed and called socialist, anarchist, and nihilist."

A sudden clamor of voices from the hall interrupted them, and Dr. Vincent, Prof. Wyse, Banker Fish, and Mr. Thorp entered the room in a compact group, animatedly gesticulating, and all endeavoring to be heard at the same time.

"That must have been fun."

"I assure you it was in dead earnest."

"Well, it wasn't a circumstance to mine."

"You ought to have seen her."

"Just the worst things possible turned up today."

"Friday is an unlucky day."

"What is it all about, gentlemen?" asked Rust, by way of greeting.

"*You* ought to know, you set the trap."

"Oh, you are talking of truth-telling, I suppose. How did you succeed?"

"Truth-telling is easy enough. But the consequences—!" exclaimed Wyse.

"Yes, consequences!" echoed Gay, as he entered with Browne. "We had a lot of disagreeable experiences with our truth-telling, too."

"I was mistaken when I thought it possible to keep it up for any length of time," said Fish, meekly.

"It is different in theory than in practice."

"Yes, such things sound quite nice as axioms, but the man who starts transplanting them into every-day life gets left."

"No one can carry out such a labor of Hercules in the modern Augean stables."

"I'm not fool enough to try."

"One day's experience was enough for me."

"I'm not going to be the cat that burns her paws getting chestnuts from the fire for the monkey."

"I give up."

"And I want to be released from my pledge."

"We all do," chanted the chorus.

"Indeed, you surprise me, gentlemen," said Rust, with the shadow of a sarcastic smile lurking in the corners of his mouth. "After the certainty of victory you showed last night, I did not expect so early a surrender, and I think you are a little too hasty. The experiences of one day are not sufficient to teach you all the consequences of confronting truth with lies. I cannot release you from your pledge."

"But, my dear fellow, I can't stand it. If you only knew what it cost me——"

"I'd rather forfeit the thousand dollars than to go through six more days like this has been."

"It is not a question of forfeiting the money," said Rust; "that forfeit would not free you from your pledge. You must give me reasons which I find sufficient to satisfy me that you are convinced everything is founded upon lies."

"It should be reason enough for you to release me," said Dr. Vincent, "because in one day I have lost more of my arduously established practice than I can afford. It will be trumpeted about town that I don't believe in my own science, and that I am the most disagreeable and unaccommodating of physicians. And besides, my fiancée has broken our engagement as a consequence of my answering truthfully her questions about my past."

"That was about my case," followed Thorp. "After my wife had coaxed out of me some adventures of my college days, she made a big row and threatened me with divorce. In the agreeable humor this love scene left me in, I attended to business, and truth-telling led me from one scrape into another."

"My pledge," said Mr. Fish, "made me refuse a number of very profitable transactions, and tell some truths which will undermine my influence in society."

Professor Wyse took up the thread of the nar-

rative of misfortune. "My proclamation of your principles to the "Boston Women Progressive Society" will surely cause my dismissal from my professorship at Harvard."

"And my editorial," added Col. Watson, "may ruin my paper, or rather what is left of it after my other truth-telling."

"I have lost every client who called upon me to-day," cried Gay, "and heaven knows how much more of my future practice, when my speech before the jury becomes publicly known."

"My election is gone, now and forever," grumbled Browne, "as well as my political influence."

"Let me add my story," said the Rev. Mr. Bolden, entering the room, "by introducing myself as the man who *was* the pastor of the Boston Bay Church."

"You don't mean to say you have resigned?"

"I have told the truth. I have proclaimed from the pulpit my inmost convictions, and the city is ringing with it. They call me infidel and atheist. I can neither return to my church nor ever fill the office of a pastor again."

"I must confess," said Rust, "I did not think that the consequences would demonstrate themselves so strongly in such a short time. But for the purpose I have in mind, I would like to insist

upon your carrying out your pledge for the full length of time agreed."

"I acknowledge my foolish error in proposing the wager, and hope that you will not hold me to my pledge. If you do, it will ruin me," earnestly exclaimed Thorp.

"It would ruin us all," assented Gay.

"In that case, of course, I will have to relieve you."

There was a general shout of acclamation. Rev. Mr. Bolden scribbled a few lines upon a card and handed it to Rust, laconically remarking: —

"Here is my pay for 'Rust's unbound philosophy."

Seven hands sought seven inside breast-pockets and brought forth seven ready-made checks, reading: "Pay to Harvey Rust or order one thousand dollars." As they were tendered to him Rust waved the hands away and said: —

"You are too hasty. Before deciding the question, allow me to unveil the purpose of my return as well as the reason of my acceptance of your bet.

When I left you, ten years ago, my knowledge of the world and humanity was very limited. Although I was acquainted, through reading and observation, with some of the evils of our society, my views were too optimistic to permit

an objective study of the great questions of life. A year's sojourn in Paris, with frequent visits to London, made me acquainted, not only with the theories of French and English thinkers and the secrets of high society, as well as the *quartier Latin* and the London slums, but also with the principles of communism and anarchism. With the fire of youth, I took possession of ideas brought before me by their unselfish disciples with inspiring eloquence, and the desire to study these principles from a scientific standpoint led me to the University of Leipzig, at that time the metal centre of socialism and modern philosophy.

The clear rays of the teachings of La Salle, Marx, and Schopenhauer purified my thoughts, and at last I perceived that only a thorough social revolution could improve and save humanity. I decided, like many others, to search for the root of the evil and a possible remedy. I went to the heart of Nihilism — please do not mistake me, do not believe for a moment that I allowed myself to be carried away into planning the salvation of humanity by bloodshed, arson, and murder. Nihilism is, for its believers, a religion as well as Christianity for the Christian and the Islam for the Mohammedan, and only by drawing on its purest sources can one profit from its philosophical and social doctrines. My mind being imbued with

the thoughts of the modern reformers of Europe, I turned to the cradle of humanity and devoted myself to the study of social conditions and religious beliefs of Asia. In turn I was fascinated by some of the principles of Zoroaster, Confucius, and Buddha and my travels, through Africa tempted me often to believe that real happiness is only to be found by renouncing civilization.

I learned that all modern reform ideas have their good sides and aim for the best, and that every one of them mistake the root of social evil; but this knowledge brought me no nearer the solution.

Since my eyes were opened to the rights and duties of men, I have felt my inherited fortune as a heavy millstone about my neck; not only did I feel ashamed of being a useless individual in the society of workers, but my conscience revolted against my misuse of an unjustly acquired fortune. I had planned to dedicate it to some benevolent purpose or to disburse it among the most needy, but I repudiated both schemes, after careful consideration, as ridiculous and senseless. At last I decided to partly make good the crime of my father and myself, by rendering my money, as nearly as possible, to the less fortunate helpers of its origin, and to devote my knowledge, experi-

ence, and my whole life's work to the service of humanity.

At this period came the turning point in my life. I fell in love — do not laugh, boys, do not expect me to give a glowing description of my sentiments, or of the object of my affections. I was too advanced in years, I had too clear a knowledge of what love really is to make a fool of myself. But when, for the first time, the idea of sharing my life with another entered my mind seriously, it entirely revolutionized my way of thinking. Here I stood, not believing in the surety of a life-long affection, not believing in the necessity of marriage nor in the desirability of family, yet here I stood before a woman whom my instinct had found as a congenial partner, whom my soul believed to be pure and noble. Hard and long was the struggle; its only solution a proposal of marriage.

Well, I had an interview with her. I told her that I knew she loved me. I spoke of my own love and made a full confession of my past life, my present thoughts and my plans for the future. I asked her if she would venture to share that future with me.

She answered, tremblingly, "Yes. But why have you told me all this now?"

"I have told you this," I replied, "I have told

it to you now, because I believe that marriage, be it performed by religious ceremony, by legal act, or by mere mutual understanding, must be the sacred union of a man and woman who are bound by the strongest physical and psychical affection, who open their souls and disclose their former life to each other, and who share similar ideas at present and for the future. I have told you this because I know that my life, until now, has been a lie, and because I believe that future happiness is only possible if our union is based upon truth; because I do not want to enter this union with lies behind me, with lies before me.

She nodded, took my hand, and said, "And why could not our whole life be based upon truth?"

This question, "Why could not our whole life be based upon truth?" was the turning point of my life. I do not intend to give you my love story, but I must tell you that after hearing that question I wandered about for hours and spent many a sleepless night, aroused and revolutionized by the perspective disclosed to my mind. That door to which the philosophy of all great minds has failed to find the key, which all efforts for reform could not pass, the heart of a simple woman opened with a magic formula.

What has led humanity to form perceptions of good and evil, of a supernatural being? What has

caused man to found family, tribe, and state, to establish rules, laws, and governments?

What influenced Buddha to find solution in Nirvana; Moses in the ten commandments; Christ in preaching brotherhood?

What possessed the French communist to inscribe upon his banner, *Libertie, Egalitie, Fraternite*?

For what strives the German socialist, the Russian nihilist, the American nationalist, the international anarchist, and the woman suffragist?

Does not humanity, since its existence, search and strive and aim for truth?

Does not every school of philosophers, every religious belief, every group of reformers, and every political party believe that their principles are the only truth?

Is not every individual convinced that his views, and only his, are the correct ones?

And in spite of all, the whole world is filled with lies, and a simple woman asks the question, "Why could not our whole life be based upon truth?"

These questions occupied my mind, tortured my brain for days and nights until, like a revelation, it dawned upon me that the evil of humanity lies in the search for *consequences* instead of the search for *causes*.

The last end of all efforts for reform is to bring

all conditions in accordance with the requirements of truth, the one unalterable truth. Reformers differ more or less in ways and means of achieving it, but all of them ignore the fact that it is impossible to reach the truth if we do not begin with truth. If each individual life, if every one's sayings and doings, are not based upon truth, how can we reform society or humanity according to the requirements of truth?

Before planning for the future, before revolutionizing political, social, and religious conditions, and before writing prescriptions for future generations, we must establish truth within ourselves.

Once arrived at this conclusion, once convinced of its urgency, I saw clearly my duty. It was, is, and shall be, the proclamation of Veritism.

Naturally I regarded my birthplace as the best point for my lever, and I looked forward to winning my old friends as co-workers, indispensable to success. For months I pictured and planned how to bring before you what I believe to be the root of all evil, how to convince you that my remedy is the only possible one, and to counsel with you upon the best measures to introduce it. Call it hazard, call it fate, call it what you will, but this something overthrew all my plans last night. Our discourse, your opposition, and, finally, the proposal of a wager, showed me at a glance that I could

not find a better chance to convince you by a categorical imperative of the correctness of my statements. The object I had in view was, not to brand *you* as liars, but to prove to you that lying has so demoralized the civilized world that an honest man cannot get along by telling and acting the unveiled truth.

One day's experience has been enough to show you the disagreeable, harmful, yea even dangerous consequences of practicing Veritism in the midst of the desert of lying civilization. But you have not yet looked upon the reverse of the medal, you have not yet thought of the probable results of continued Veritism. Let us suppose that I refuse to free you from your pledge or that you, of your own free will, adhere to it. I do not doubt that all of you would have many more injurious experiences during the first days, weeks or even months. But I am quite sure that if you would adhere to speaking and acting the truth, not only would you gain self-esteem and the satisfaction of rendering humanity a great service, but it would at the same time cause you great material benefit.

Let it once become known that you never utter a lie, and you, Vincent, will be eagerly sought by patients who want to hear the truth; Thorp's store will be crowded with customers who seek honest dealing; every decent money-transac-

tion will find its way through Fish; every clean law-suit will be offered to Gay; the public that wants to read the truth will buy the *Boston Sun;* men of all political parties will uphold and elect Browne; Wyse and Bolden will have more offers to lecture than they can accept, and their subjects will be, not literature or religion, but Truth.

But you will readily understand that I did not come in your midst to develop a plan for increasing your business. My object was simply to gain you as co-workers in my self-imposed task, — the crusade against lies.

I do not intend to establish a new philosophical school, a new group of reformers, a new religious belief or a new political party; neither do I regard it as the best way to start our work with the incorporation of a society, the formation of a club, or the proclamation of new ideas and principles. My design is to commence by practicing instead of preaching; by confronting people with the causes of all evil instead of merely pointing out the consequences; by creating the fact that there are a number of men who pledge themselves to adhere inviolably to truth. My most heartfelt wish is that the "Model Nine" may become the mother of Veritism, its every member a Veritist.

Picture the consequences to yourselves if we nine commence and continue to speak and act

strictly the truth. I have sketched to you the most probable results in your business-life. Is it necessary to add that your relatives, friends, associates, and finally all your fellow-citizens will become aware of the fact that they can depend upon every one of your actions and words? Is it necessary to state that your family, business, and social relations will not only undergo, but also cause, a revolution more important to your own and Boston life than anything before has ever been?

Your fiancée, Vincent, and your wife, Thorp, will gladly resume the ties they have broken today, when they will have learned to appreciate that unbounded truthfulness is the most precious treasure of married life. And from these single incidents unmarried and married women may draw a most important lesson, may change one of the most crying evils of our civilization, may establish the most needed *equal moral standard for both sexes.*

From your example all honest men and women will learn the lesson that our lives can become easier, better, and nobler, if we bring our words and actions in strict harmony with what we believe to be the truth. The new idea will progress slowly in the beginning, but it will rapidly grow limitless, embracing all honest men regardless of creed, nationality, party, and social standing.

Christian, Jew, and Free-thinker alike can participate in our movement. What does it matter to us if the one calls Jesus its Messiah, if the other is waiting for him yet, and if the third declares that Darwin's theory is all the belief we need? As long as they speak the truth, as long as they are Veritists, they are welcome to our ranks.

To every member of the Democratic, Republican, Prohibition, Nationalistic and the People's Party, we open our arms in brotherly greeting. Let them believe that free trade or protection, high license or none, the single land tax or personal income tax be the panacea for the social conditions of our country, as long as they are Veritists they will be useful helpers in the crusade against lies.

Let us greet the socialist, the communist and nationalist, the anarchist, the nihilist and individualist, the optimist, the realist, and pessimist; if they combine their "isms" with Veritism they will help to establish the reign of truth!

Through the preachings of the twelve apostles, the words of the carpenter's son in Bethlehem, "Do unto others as you would be done by," have spread over the face of the globe. Is it not worth trying for the "Model Nine" to proclaim to the world from the Modern Athens: —

Verity, first and always!

And let this be the rallying cry of all warriors against lies — for truth. There are thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, who think as we do; there are numberless men and women who have tried, or at least have thought of trying, to adhere to truth, but they have not succeeded, and can never succeed as long as they stand alone. Let Veritism be once proclaimed, let Veritists be once organized, and the New Crusade must end with victory.

Let Veritism show that the abolishment of inheritance will do away with an army of idlers, who live now on the marrow of the people, and who would then become useful members of society; let Veritism show that the abolishment of property would do away entirely with cheating, theft, robbery, and murder; let Veritism show that the principle, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," is sufficient as a religion; let Veritism show that nature's law of natural selection is the wisest and the only preventive of demoralization; let Veritism show that the institution of parents caring for their children only as long as they need them, is the most natural and unegotistic; let Veritism show that perfect individualism, based upon free will within the boundaries of real ideal socialism, is the highest aim to strive for. Let us, therefore, cease lying ourselves, let us fight lies and liars,

wherever they appear, let us take upon ourselves the cross of a *New Crusade!* A *crusade* against all that is untrue, false, pretence, or hypocrisy; a *crusade* upon the banner of which is inscribed nothing but "*Verity, first and always.*"

Rust had begun to speak in his usual cool and unconcerned manner, but gradually he grew warmer and warmer until he closed his thundering philippic with such fiery eloquence that his appeal carried away his breathless hearers into a storm of applause. Rust took a sip of water and continued quietly.

"Herewith I have given you my innermost belief, the result of my studies, the consequences of a woman's question: 'Why could not our whole life be based upon truth?' the purpose of my return, and the reason of my acceptance of your bet. And now I release you from your pledge!"

"We do not want to be released!"

"We want to keep our pledge!"

"We want to become Veritists!"

"We shall never give it up!"

Energetic protests were hurled from all sides at the head of Rust.

Smilingly he asked: "But how will our bet be decided now? You gave it up and thereby lost; I doubted your ability to keep the pledge and

through your last decision, I have lost. Who shall be owner of the money?"

"Veritism!" exclaimed Bolden.

"So be it. Let me suggest that I add my cheque for eight thousand dollars to your eight one-thousand-dollar cheques, and that we establish with this money a weekly paper which shall tear the mask from civilization's social injustices and teach how to replace them by truth. I propose, furthermore, that our brother-Veritists the ex-Rev. Mr. Bolden and ex-Professor Wyse, undertake the editorship of *Veritas*.

The words of Rust were greeted with indescribable enthusiasm. All surrounded him, eagerly tendering their cheques and shaking his hand, testifying in superlative terms their delight at and approval of, his scheme.

"A few more words, friends, at the close of this most memorable hour of my life. I am happy to say that I expected this; that knowing you so well I had anticipated such a scene for months."

Opening his coat, Rust displayed upon the lapel of his vest a tiny badge in the shape of an interrogation point, upon which was inscribed "*Who Lies?*" and producing a jewel box he poured therefrom upon the table eight similar badges.

"Brother Veritists, take upon yourselves the cross of the New Crusade. Let this badge be a

blazing firebrand to the eyes, a thundering interrogation in the ears, and an arousing blow at the conscience of lying civilization. But let it at the same time be a sign of the sacred pledge by which you proclaim with pride, "*I am a Veritist!*"